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CLEOPATRA





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# CLEOPATRA

*Translated from the French of*  
GASTON DELAYEN

By FARRELL SYMONS



THE SPHINX OF CLEOPATRA  
(By C. Battaille)

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## INTRODUCTION

IN THE TRILOGY formed by the three volumes of the series *Beneath Ancient Masks*, the first evokes, in the person of M. Tullius Cicero, consul, a victim of one of the mainsprings of human action—*ambition*.

In the second part, devoted to Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt, another compelling force is seen in action—*love*; but only the love that Cleopatra was able to inspire in Cæsar and in Antony, for as far as Cleopatra herself is concerned, it is a mistake to give credit, as is generally done, to the legend so obligingly kept alive by the ancient authors.

It is true that of all the authors of antiquity who have written about her—at least of those whose works have come down to us—not one had known her personally. Neither Velleius, Suetonius, Plutarch, Dion, Orosius nor Josephus was a contemporary of hers. Only Caius Oppius, Cicero and without doubt also Horace—who was twenty at the time of the Egyptian Queen's stay in Rome—had come into contact with her. Caius Oppius, a great friend of Cæsar's, had only one preoccupation—that of establishing that Cæsarion was not the son of the conqueror of the Gauls. Cicero, whose pride, a letter to Atticus reveals, she wounded, retained only bitter memories of the visit he paid the Egyptian woman in Rome. Horace was no more generous toward her: for him she was only *fatale monstrum*.<sup>1</sup> But had he any other end



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in view than to please Octavius, who had then become Augustus?

Moreover, although so many tombs of kings and even queens—the latter played a great genealogic and dynastic rôle in Egypt—have been discovered, that of Cleopatra has never been brought to light. This, Maspéro remarks, is owing to the fact that whereas Upper Egypt, and Memphis itself, possessed vast quarries of limestone and granite, with which the monuments were built, in the Delta, which was inundated a part of every year, only wood and unbaked brick were used. Further, while the buildings of the Amenhoteps and Ramessids are still intact, nothing remains of the palaces and temples of the Ptolemies, nor of their tombs.<sup>2</sup>

Cleopatra, however, had taken the precaution to have a tomb prepared for herself at Alexandria, near the temple of Isis Lochias<sup>3</sup>; but neither her mausoleum nor her sarcophagus has been discovered, nor even her *ka*—the double materialized by the Egyptians in a form identical with the body, but of somewhat smaller size, in a hard and colorable material, such as alabaster or sycamore, so that it would resist time and worms better than the body.

While it is possible to recognize in their mummies the features of Seti I and Ramses II,<sup>4</sup> nothing has come down to us pertaining to the enchantress herself. Two roughly made silver coins struck in Asia—one, belonging to the French Cabinet, in 710 or 720 (44 or 34 B. C.), and the other of uncertain date—certainly seem to bear her profile, since that of Antony appears on the reverse, but their execution is of so crude a character that they are totally lacking in interest.<sup>5</sup> Nor is it easier to recog-

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nize her in a figure in the temple at Dendera, for that Cleopatra, with her cartouche, would seem to be one of her sisters. However, in 1892-93 a colossal head was discovered in Alexandria which would seem to represent her as Isis; but the fragment is so mutilated that it is difficult to distinguish the features of Cleopatra. It must also be remembered that the Cleopatras of the Ptolemies were numerous: from the time of Ptolemy V there were six queens who bore that name. Egyptology, however, owes that enchanting name some thanks, for it was due to the inscription of it upon an obelisk at Philae that Champollion, with the aid of the trilingual inscription on the Rosetta stone, succeeded in resolving the century-old enigma of the Sphinx.

A sphinx! Was not Cleopatra herself a sphinx? For her ancient biographers, and, it must be admitted, for the greater glory of Rome, in the interests of which the descendants of Romulus jealously modified history at will, the last Queen of Egypt was nothing but a captious and voluptuous enchantress, an impudent, lascivious and somewhat deranged creature—*meretrix regina*, as Lucan calls her.<sup>6</sup>

But several recent writers, notably G. Ferrero, have discerned her real character, which Corneille had already sketched in his tragedy *Pompée*. For this siren love would seem to have been nothing but a means to an end. What a mistake it would indeed appear to be to consider her as anything but one of those great madcap devotees of love who obey only their tumultuous impulses, filling their lives with an element of chaos, impetuously following whither their passions lead, changeable, agitated,

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restless, incapable of controlling their temperaments, giving themselves blindly up to the caprice of destiny.

A seductress by instinct, by nature, Cleopatra might seem to have been a person of complex character; none the less she always remained mistress of herself, for above all else she appears to have been a great politician, anxious only to safeguard her empire against the rapaciousness of Rome, and even to extend its bounds and create an Eastern Empire capable of rivaling that of the West. But to bring that undertaking to a successful issue Egypt needed a chief, a soldier. Such a man could be none but a Roman. With him Cleopatra would be able to found her dynasty.

Relying upon her powers of seduction, which were such as few women possessed, she first turned her thoughts toward Pompey and gave herself to his son. However, after the battle of Pharsalia and Pompey's assassination she offered herself to Cæsar; but Brutus ruined her projects. Then the sensual Antony seemed to her a predestined prey. "The soul of a man in love," she reasoned with Plutarch, "inhabits a body not his own." The irresolution and then the death of that inconsequential person shattered her dreams of hegemony. As a last resort she put her hopes in Octavius; but she was quickly disillusioned. Nothing remained for Cleopatra but to die.

But how essentially feminine was this queen who as a politician may be compared with the greatest—with Semiramis of Assyria, Isabella of Spain, Elizabeth of England, Christina of Sweden, Catherine of Russia and

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Maria Theresa of Austria—and as charmer to none; and what eternally human figures surrounded her! “When one glances over that page of history,” says Désiré de Bernath,<sup>7</sup> “it is almost possible to believe one is reading one of those wonderful stories in which the only actors are fairies and giants. First, there is this queen, even more beautiful than the Helen of the Homeric poems, and as intelligent and learned as the most accomplished great lady of our day. For a lover she has a hero who can do anything: he overthrows the established order at will, makes and unmakes kings and kingdoms, presents entire countries to the mistress of his heart and adorns her brow with the jewels he takes from the divinities. As for him, although he is the absolute master, the emperor of the East, he is content with the honor of laying all his power and privileges at the feet of his idol. He wishes for nothing more than to be the spouse of the woman he calls *domina*, his mistress, and even carries gallantry to the point of sometimes accompanying on foot and supporting the Queen’s litter.<sup>8</sup> They had a picture painted of themselves together, which unfortunately is lost, and marble statues of them were erected side by side in the public square of Alexandria.”

In the third part of this trilogy, *Octavius Augustus, princeps et imperator*, still another human emotion comes into play—*pride*, the triumph of ambition over love, which Cæsar’s nephew escaped.

If the three principal personages of this triptych were not entirely the architects of their own fortune—for events mold themselves but little to the will of men who

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are obliged to limit their undertakings—nor were they mere unconscious playthings of destiny. By their own excessive ambition, love or pride they themselves brought about the fatal course of events which led to their undoing.

But in that struggle of personal interests what place was given to happiness, and above all to the happiness of nations? It seems only to have made its appearance for a moment when, the quarry dispatched, and ambition, love and pride satisfied, the world at last knew a little peace.

Ambition, love, pride—these are perhaps the things which have changed least beneath the masks of humanity. The clothes and the languages of peoples alone change; men's characters, if not their countenances, remain the same.<sup>9</sup>

PART I  
JULIUS CÆSAR

——. I .——  
ANCIENT EGYPT

QUANTUM IMPULIT ARGOS

Iliacasque domos facie Spartana nocenti,  
Hesperios auxit tantum Cleopatra furores.  
Terruit illa suo, si fas, Capitolia sistro  
Et Romana petit imbelli signa Canopo  
Cæsare captivo Pharios ductura triumphos;  
Leucadioque fuit dubius sub gurgite casus,  
An mundum ne nostra quidem matrona teneret.  
Hoc animi nox illa dedit, quæ prima cubili  
Miscuit incestam ducibus Ptolemaida nostris.

Quis tibi vāsani veniam non donet amoris,  
Antoni durum cum Cæsaris hauserit ignes  
Pectus? et in media rabie medioque furore  
Et Pompeianis habitata manibus aula  
Sanguine Thessalicæ cladis perfusus adulter  
Admisit Venerem curis, et miscuit armis  
Illicitosque toros, et non ex conjuge partus.  
Pro pudor!<sup>1</sup>

(Lucan, *Pharsalia*, x.)

## ANCIENT EGYPT

**A**LEXANDER THE GREAT, at the age of thirty-three, had conquered the world from the Adriatic and the Libyan Desert in the west to the Imaus (Himalaya) Mountains in the east; but his captains prepared for him a bloody funeral. He had left the succession to "the most worthy."<sup>1</sup> Each of his lieutenants believing himself designated by that title, all took up arms in the dispute over the heritage and rent his empire with continuous wars.

Egypt fell to the lot of Ptolemy. The son of a Macedonian general named Lagus, <sup>2</sup> he had followed Alexander into Asia, distinguished himself during the conquest of India, and given so many proofs of devotion to the King that the latter had chosen him as his bodyguard. In the partition Ptolemy also obtained Libya, several sections of Arabia and Syria. This was decidedly the finest and richest portion of the empire, and its possessor became automatically the depositary of the mortal remains of the great conqueror, for Alexander had requested that his body should lie at Thebes, in the temple of Amon.

When Ptolemy went to take possession of his kingdom, under the name of Ptolemy I Soter (Savior), the new king was almost entirely ignorant of Egypt.

The history of Egypt is lost in the night of time. The Egyptians had very early forgotten their origin. Had they come from the center of Africa or the interior of



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Asia? According to the almost unanimous testimony of the ancient historians they belonged to an African race which, first established in Ethiopia, on the middle Nile, had apparently moved toward the sea, following the course of the river.

The evidence of hieroglyphic documents somewhat invalidates these assertions. It is now known that Ethiopia, far from having colonized Egypt at the beginning of history, had on the contrary been colonized by Egypt under the XIIth Dynasty. Instead of having descended the Nile, civilization had ascended it, without however having gone far enough to learn the source of the river, which the ancients believed came down from the heavens.<sup>3</sup> In reality, an emigration of a white proto-Semitic race, passing by way of the Isthmus of Suez, had found upon the banks of the Nile another race, probably black, which they drove into the regions of the upper Nile. Both of these races were prehistoric; the first, according to geologists, would seem to go back some hundred thousand years, while the second was apparently separated from us by not more than ten or twenty thousand years. Of the latter race some tombs and even skeletons have been discovered.

That was the Egypt of the days before the Pyramids, the Egypt of the Ist Dynasty, the ancient Egypt of the king-gods and the Manes, the Egypt of Osiris, the patron of Abydos, and of his wife Isis. It was the land which Abraham and Sarah, about 2000 B. C., had found already fully civilized.

In the archaic epoch the Delta did not exist, and the sea bathed the future sites of Memphis and the great

## ANCIENT EGYPT

Pyramids. The river, moreover, flowed unimpededly and constantly changed its bed, forming pestilential sloughs and immense marshes, interspersed with a few islands covered with papyri, lotus and enormous reeds. Elsewhere desolation reigned. The period during which natural life and the soil were being formed by the irrigation of the river was of long duration; three or four thousand years, according to the most conservative estimates. For three or four thousand years more the people of Egypt were divided into three castes: the priests, the military class and the people, with Thebes for their capital.<sup>4</sup> But the soldiers grew tired of being ruled by the priests: a revolution broke out and a military chief, Menes, was elected king. He built Memphis, made it the capital of the kingdom and became the founder of the first three Thinite dynasties.

Then, with the centuries and the Pharaohs, Egypt reached a high degree of civilization. The arts and sciences were highly developed, although at the time social life had scarcely begun to manifest itself.

About 2000 B. C. that upward swing was arrested by the invasion of barbarous races from Chaldea—the Hyksos, or Shepherds. The terror produced by their cavalry—the Egyptians at the time knew nothing of the horse, or even the camel<sup>5</sup>—was one of the principal causes of their success.<sup>6</sup> Cities and temples were ruined, pillaged and burned; a part of the male population was massacred, and the rest, along with the women and children, reduced to bondage. Thebes was razed to the ground. For a hundred and fifty years Egypt remained

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under the domination of these invaders and their Shepherd kings. At length, spurred by one of her princes, Ahmose, Egypt succeeded in liberating herself, and Amenhotep, the son of Ahmose, founded the XVIIIth Dynasty, restored the throne of the Pharaohs and re-constituted the kingdom, a task that was completed by one of Egypt's greatest kings—Thutmose III. They were followed by Seti I and his son, Ramses II, the Great, surnamed Sesostris, of the XIXth Dynasty, under whom Egypt reached the highest pinnacle of political power and splendor.

But the war of independence and the expeditions which followed awakened a warlike spirit in the nation, in spite of the fact that the pure-blooded Egyptian had no love for the military calling, as is evidenced by Egyptian satirical verse. For the first time, Egypt dreamed of military glory and, by a sort of reaction, was possessed by a desire, in turn, to oppress. The Egyptian armies, composed principally of mercenaries, moved heavily forward, taking the road into Asia which the pursuit of the remnants of the armies of the Shepherd kings had opened up to them, and her Pharaohs became oppressors of nations. From the sources of the Blue Nile to the rise of the Euphrates, throughout Ethiopia, Libya and Syria, battles and pillage were of constant occurrence.

One day the people, hitherto so calm and pacific, would exult at the news of the defeat of the Abyssinian blacks and acclaim the victorious general—the Prince of Kush—and his soldiers. These conquerors brought in their train a fantastic procession of prisoners, spoils, giraffes, lions and baboons in chains, tamed panthers and ounces, which

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wound along the roads indefinitely. Another day, it was a victory over the Libyans and their allies that would be announced. And there would be a new triumphal procession, in which the barbarians of the west, wearing strange helmets or with their heads buried in the muzzles of deer, whose skins hung from their shoulders, exposed to the gaze of the brown-skinned Egyptians their large white bodies, ornamented with painted or tattooed designs. Then there would be the taking of a Syrian stronghold. The procession began once again to the flourish of trumpets and tubas, the roll of drums, the clash of cymbals and the tinkling of sistra, which drowned the acclamations of the multitude and the songs of the priests.

Five centuries of continued warfare were needed to cool this martial ardor. For five centuries the goddess Sechet, a lioness with the body of a young woman, whose heart rejoiced when she slew men, dominated Egypt. Ra had created her one day when he was angry with humanity, who had conspired against him. But she exterminated such numbers that Ra intoxicated her so that she should think of something besides war—of lust, of which she was also the goddess. Thenceforth, with her sterile Amazons she became nothing but a bestial voluptuary, killing only in the transports of her unquenched desires, and prohibiting maternity by her multitudinous amours.

When, finally, Egypt had ceased to think of war, Taya, who, with the coming of Sechet, had abandoned the country, now returned. Taya, who had become the goddess Mut, the divine mother, the eternal generatrix, kept in her abode the secret of childbirth and permitted

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women to conceive, like Hathor, to the sound of the sistrum, and to bring forth in joy.

Then for more than a thousand years Egypt, in a state of relative peace, enjoyed great prosperity, happy in the gifts provided by the Nile, which evoked the song of exaltation that has been translated by Maspéro:

“Hail, O Nile! O sacred river! O thou who hast manifested thyself upon this land! Thou comest in peace to give life to Egypt. O secret god who dost dispel the darkness, and dost water the plains in order to give subsistence to dumb animals! O path descending from the heavens in order to water the earth! O friend of the crops, thou who fillest homes with joy! . . . Thou art the lord of the fishes; and when thou descendest upon our fields not a bird dares to touch our harvests! Thou art the creator of wheat and the patron of barley; thou givest rest to the hands of millions of unfortunates, and for all time thou dost strengthen the temples.”

But about 650 B. C. a new dynasty, called the Saite (or XXVIth) Dynasty, usurped the throne of the Pharaohs. Under the new régime Egypt declined rapidly, and was subjected to the Persians, the first time by Cambyses, for a century from 528, and again in 354. It was then that Alexander the Great, in his turn, took possession of Egypt, which after his death at Babylon in 323 B. C. was to fall to the son of Lagus, the first Ptolemy.

——. II .——  
THE LAGIDÆ



## THE LAGIDÆ

**W**HAT sort of people were the Ptolemies, from the son of Lagus, the founder of the dynasty, to Ptolemy Auletes, Cleopatra's father? They were just like kings, like men—some good, the others, the more numerous, bad; a few were passable. The epithet coupled with the name of each of the Lagidæ, even by antiphrasis, is descriptive of them.

The first was surnamed *Soter* (savior). It is true that he was for Egypt one of the best and cleverest of Alexander's successors. The founder of the dynasty of the Lagidæ, which was to reign over the country of the Pharaohs till the Roman conquest—a period of nearly three hundred years (323 B. C.—30 B. C.)—he conquered Cyrenaica, Phœnicia and Cœlesyria, and seized Jerusalem, whence he deported a hundred thousand Jews in order to populate Alexandria, where he had just created the famous Library.

He was followed, in chronological order, by: *Philadelphus* (friend of his brothers), because he poisoned the youngest and persecuted the others; but he loved the arts and sciences. *Euergetes I* (the beneficent), which did not prevent him from dying from poison administered by his son. *Philopator* (his father's friend), because he had poisoned him; he also had his mother, his brother and various other personages assassinated. *Epiphanes* (the illustrious), doubtless on account of his crimes, was



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also as cruel as he was incapable, so much so that his ministers did away with him. During his reign Egypt lost all of her foreign possessions. *Philometor* (his mother's friend), for he was in no other respect remarkable; however, he was at least human. *Euergetes II* (benefactor), or *Kakergetes* (evildoer), or *Physkon* (the bloated), who distinguished himself only by his excesses, cruelty and debauchery. He had his own son murdered, and sent his head and fragments to the boy's mother on her birthday; but he patronized the men of learning and enlarged the Library of Alexandria. *Soter II* (savior), or *Lathyrus* (vetch), moderate, amiable, but weak and likewise full of deference and regard for his mother, who however was never anything but cruel and unfeeling toward him. Finally, two Ptolemy Alexanders, the younger of whom was satisfied with being the discreet and unassuming governor of the island of Cyprus; then Ptolemy XI, called *Auletes* (the Flute-player), the first musician, but also the greatest drinker, of the realm, who only made amends for his debauchery, his extortions and his weakness in dealing with the Romans by his skill in playing upon the reed beloved of Pan.

As the legitimate descendants of the Lagidæ had become extinct with the two Ptolemy Alexanders, and despite the fact that the Romans declared themselves heirs to the kingdom by virtue of an alleged will, Ptolemy Auletes, who was only a natural child of Ptolemy VIII Soter-Lathyrus, was proclaimed king of Egypt in the year 80 B. C. (Year of Rome 674). Thanks to his prodigality, especially toward Pompey and Cæsar, to each of whom he gave 6,000 talents of gold,<sup>1</sup> and to the fact that

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he abandoned to Cato the island of Cyprus, dear to every Egyptian, he succeeded in getting himself recognized by the Romans.

It is true, indeed, that he had also several good qualities. He had traveled widely and seen much; he spoke several languages, would willingly join in the most difficult philosophical discussions and consent to spend a good deal of time with the learned men of the Museum. But he, however, preferred the company of actors, gladiators, players and in particular musicians, whom he brought from distant places and paid lavishly.<sup>2</sup> He was also very fond of animals, especially elephants and tame beasts. He busied himself among other things with the restoration of monuments; but as he also loved luxury and pomp, and gave magnificent banquets in his palace at Alexandria, spectacular representations at the theater, and tremendous exhibitions of gladiators and trained animals<sup>3</sup> at the Hippodrome, the royal treasury was heavily in debt, and money was lacking to pay the army. As a consequence, desertions became frequent and discipline almost completely vanished. The fleet alone, thanks to the sacrifices of Diocorides,<sup>4</sup> its chief, still remained loyal. All this very much discontented the Egyptians, who expelled him and placed on the throne his two daughters born of a first marriage with his younger sister Berenice—Cleopatra Tryphaena and Berenice.

The former died a year later: the latter, as beautiful as she was energetic, reigned alone till 55 B. C. She bore her father a grudge for having made her marry Seleucus, the second son of Antiochus X, King of Syria, a personage whom she detested on account of his repulsive appear-

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ance, his insupportable manners, his sordid avarice and even his age. As soon as she became Queen of Egypt, therefore, her first care was to have him murdered, and to marry Archelaus, son of the King of Cappadocia, a gallant and well-educated prince who was only thirty years old.<sup>5</sup> A skillful, intelligent and upright Greek, he reorganized the army, equipped the fleet and succeeded in winning the general affection of the Alexandrians.

While these events were taking place, Auletes, who had first sought refuge with his friend Nicomedes, King of Bithynia, had gone to Rome to solicit the help of his friends once more. There he succeeded in interesting Cicero in his cause, although the latter declared that this Ptolemy "had not a king's soul." As for Pompey, he was inaccessible. All the intrigues of the exiled king were in vain; doubtless his bribes were inadequate.

Auletes then decided to treat directly with one of Pompey's lieutenants, Gabinius, proconsul of Syria. For 10,000 talents of gold (\$10,000,000) Gabinius consented, with Pompey's agreement, *tertius gaudens*, to intervene in favor of the dethroned king. With an army in which Mark Antony served, Gabinius defeated Archelaus at Pelusium (Tineh), a city of Lower Egypt at the mouth of the Nile, set Auletes on the throne of the Ptolemies again, imposed Rabirius as minister of finance in order to watch over the interests of Italian creditors and left his young lieutenant Mark Antony with two legions at Alexandria.

At Rome everyone wondered how all this had been possible, since the Senate had taken no decision on the subject.<sup>6</sup>

## THE LAGIDÆ

The first act of Auletes was to put his daughter Berenice to death for having taken his place on the throne of the Lagidæ. In order to be able to discharge his indebtedness toward Gabinius he meted out the same fate to the richest men of Alexandria.

He reigned for another three years, execrated by his subjects. When he died in 52 B. C., his two eldest daughters being dead, he left four other children born of his second marriage with a pretty Idumæan woman, a near relation to Antipater, King of Judea<sup>7</sup>: Cleopatra, born 69 B. C. (Year of Rome 685); Arsinoë, born between 66 and 65 B. C. (Year of Rome 688-689); Dionysos, born 61 B. C. (Year of Rome 693); and the Infant, born 51 B. C. (Year of Rome 703).



——. III .——

THE EGYPT OF THE PTOLEMIES



## THE EGYPT OF THE PTOLEMIES

**W**HILE the external life, the customs and even the morals of the Egyptian people seemed not to have changed since the archaic period, what had become of the Egypt of the patriarchal epoch? In those primitive times the king was not, as was too frequently the case in the monarchies of the East, a worthless and cruel despot who remained concealed in the depths of his palace. By means, it is true, of a complicated administration of functionaries, the Pharaoh busied himself with the affairs of his people, ruled them and dispensed justice. He was the *good god*, according to the epithet that was most often given him. He was not occupied exclusively with the construction of his tomb, the great monumental work of his reign, but also devoted time to science, medicine and theology.

But the people were by no means always happy. Nothing could guarantee the peasants, workmen or even the artisans of the cities against the exacting corvée that went to the construction of those gigantic works which still provoke the wonder of the world. They could be called upon at a moment's notice, at the will of a Pharaoh, and be compelled to toil all day long, beneath a leaden sky, in the company of slaves, criminals, bankrupts and prisoners of war. Driven by a brutal power, with only an hour or two of respite for the siesta, and existing upon two cakes of durra or sorghum baked under the ashes, one



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or two onions, a little bread dipped in oil and occasionally a scrap of dried fish, they would sleep on the scene of their labors, shivering throughout the invariably cold nights, and begin again with the first rays of the sun till the completion of the construction.<sup>1</sup> Thus, when the poets sang of these unfortunates in their verses they always depicted them with "crocodile fingers, as filthy as fish spawn, eyes heavy with fatigue, the health of a worn-out dog," toiling beneath the overseer's rod. "Man has a back," the Egyptian proverb ran, "and only obeys when it is beaten." But it was these wretches who constructed the Pyramids and raised the temple of Amon!

In order to escape these miseries the only alternative was to become a scribe, an officer or a priest. Only the priests, and especially the Therapeutæ, still led a secluded and austere existence: they were to be seen only on solemn occasions, all wearing the same type of garment—a leopard skin hung over the left shoulder—and had nothing to distinguish them one from another but the symbolic images of the god they served. Except during the ceremonies they were inaccessible. Of solemn gait, austere appearance and modest bearing, all, with the exception of the priests of Amon, observed conjugal chastity and frequent fasts, abstained from wine and certain dishes, such as pork, the hearts of animals, beans and sea salt, performed rigorous ablutions with very pure cold water twice every day and night, and were obliged to shave themselves and remove hair from their bodies every three days.<sup>2</sup>

As regards the officer, there exists a lament, discovered by G. Maspéro, which leaves but little illusion as to the

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charm of the military profession: "Why dost thou assert that an infantry officer is luckier than a scribe? Come here, and I will tell thee the fate of the infantry officer, or more truly the extent of his sufferings. He is taken while still a child, the tress still over his ear, and imprisoned in a barrack. He is beaten, and his stomach is furrowed with sores; he is beaten, and his two eyebrows are cut with wounds; he is beaten, and his head is fractured; he is laid down and beaten like a papyrus; he is bruised by the rod. Come, now, whilst I tell thee of his march into Syria and his expeditions into distant lands. His provisions and his water are upon his shoulder, like the burden of an ass, and weigh upon his neck like that of an ass, until the joints of his spine are displaced. He drinks foul water, while still maintaining a constant watch. Is the enemy coming? He is only a trembling bird. Does he return to Egypt? He is no better than old wood rotted by winter; he is ill and must take to his bed. He is carried away, whilst thieves steal his clothes and his servants flee. Therefore, my child, change the opinion thou hast formed upon the officer." <sup>3</sup>

No, it was better to be a scribe: "The scribe is better off than any one else on earth," said the wise. To become one was the dream of every Egyptian.<sup>4</sup>

Egypt was certainly the most feminine of the countries of the ancient world, so much so that the Greeks and Romans, in speaking of the Egyptian women, used to say contemptuously: "Their husbands are their slaves." But this was by no means entirely the case. It is true that the Egyptian family, from the top of the social scale to the

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bottom, had none of the Roman severity, but on the contrary was characterized by freedom, kindness and intimacy. A glance at the numerous family groups, bas-reliefs or statues is enough to judge of the tender relations that existed between husband and wife, parents and children. Often the wife is seen sitting on the same seat as her husband or standing beside him with her arm around his neck, while he folds her in his arms, and the children are closely grouped about them. In Egypt the wife was not shut up in the women's apartment; she was absolutely free in her movements and actions; she accompanied her husband everywhere, as an equal, not an inferior; she exercised a very distinct moral influence. Daughters had the same rights as sons in the paternal heritage.

Nature had endowed the Egyptian women with an insatiable ardor, and concubinage was accepted by the custom of the day. Perhaps they were already affected by that exaggerated sexual physical development—clitorism—which characterizes many of the women of that country at the present time. Herodotus, who once undertook to draw up comparative statistics of adultery among different peoples, unhesitatingly placed the misfortunes of Egyptian husbands above those of the men of other races, and in illustration of his opinion he tells the following anecdote:

“The gods promised a Pharaoh, whose impiety they had punished by making him blind, to restore his sight as soon as he met a woman who was faithful to her husband. The King immediately sent for his Queen, then the ladies of honor of the court, the women of the city,

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of the provinces and then of the country, including even the slaves. But still the wretched Pharaoh could see not a thing. In the end it was necessary to make an appeal to foreign women to discover the possessor of the remedy."

The Egyptian women retained some semblance of modesty only in their amatory correspondence, for the love letters of the most distracted of young women in love give proof of discretion and reserve, if we may judge by those which have come down to us.

As for the men, if polygamy was permitted to the Pharaohs and the great—and even they were allowed to have only one "titular wife," to whom were granted exceptional rights and advantages—the common people and priests were obliged to be strictly monogamous. One husband, it is true, was scarcely enough for the insatiable temperament of the Egyptian women. The scribe Ani carefully recommended the married man to be wary of the strange woman: "She is like a deep and limitless body of water whose shape is unknown. To listen to a woman whose husband is absent, and who says to thee 'I am pretty' when there are no witnesses, is a great sin worthy of death."

The Persians, and then the successors of Alexander, changed what still remained of the patriarchal in the manners of the land and increased the general dissoluteness. Under Alexander Egypt became Greek, a new Egypt, linked thenceforth with the history of the world. With the foundation of Alexandria, Egypt was no longer

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a country jealously hugging the banks of the Nile, but a gateway to the Mediterranean.

The style of clothing had also changed. What is curious is that with the increasing laxity of morals, clothing, as if to conceal the real condition of things, covered more of the body. Among persons of quality it had become longer: it was in reality the Greek stola, more or less full, of fine cloth, almost transparent, and reaching to the calf and even the ankles; but the woman's garment was still called the *kalasiris*. Among the rich, the edge of the garment was plaited and starched. The royal costume was substantially the same, but more ornate. As soon as the woman married, her gown was amplified so as to reach to the top of the bosom and cover it. People no longer went barefoot: both men and women wore long flat sandals of papyrus or leather.

The hair was no longer enclosed in a coarse bag, as formerly. The men's as well as the women's hair, generally smooth, flowing, rather short and cut square, was divided into numerous locks done up in spiral coils or in very fine braids, and arranged in tresses placed one upon the other, forming several very tight and regular rows, as is still the custom among certain peoples of Africa. Thus arranged, it was enclosed in a cap of thick striped cloth called a *claft*, which hung down upon the shoulders, sometimes covering the ears and sometimes leaving them exposed. In order not to destroy so complicated a piece of work, demanding considerable time, the Egyptians—except those who wore perukes, which were of human hair for the rich, and of wool for the poor, both very warm for such a climate—slept with their heads resting

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on an *ouol*, or pillow of carved wood or of leather, supported by legs.<sup>5</sup>

People also now slept in beds, which were furnished with mattresses and bedclothes, and were reached by means of a stool, for they were rather high. Furthermore, if the common people still squatted on mats to work, eat or sleep, the rich, whose bodies were anointed with oil and perfumes, would sit down to their meals, not on couches, as was the custom among most of the peoples of antiquity, but on chairs in front of small round tables, about three feet high, on which the dishes were placed.<sup>6</sup> For resting purposes there were armchairs, seats for one or two persons, the back of which could be lowered on to supports, forming a couch, and beds fashioned always in the form of an animal—a lion, ram, jackal, hyena, monkey, ox, sphinx, etc.

While the houses were now larger and taller, with a terrace on which the most agreeable hours of the day were spent,<sup>7</sup> they were still, with the exception of the palaces, flimsy structures of unbaked brick, pounded earth or wood, and raw materials were not used in their construction. Religious philosophy, indeed, considered the private dwelling to be only of ephemeral significance. The tomb alone was important, for it was the eternal resting place.

The characteristics of the aboriginal Egyptian were still pretty much those of the Egyptian of the archaic period of before the Pyramids. He was usually tall, thin, well-shaped, and had broad, full shoulders, prominent pectoral muscles, sinewy arms terminating in long, slen-

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der hands, small hips, thin legs, long narrow feet flat at the point due to the habit of going barefoot or with flat sandals; the head was often too large for the rest of the body, with a rather low and square forehead, a short curved nose, large, wide-open eyes, full cheeks and thick, but not everted, lips.

Feminine beauty, according to the collection of *Love Songs*, consisted in "hair blacker than night; teeth more dazzling than fragments of silica; a firm and well-set breast, and especially a slender waist," for the Egyptians, unlike the peoples of the East, did not appreciate opulence of form and admired only the slender figure of adolescent beauty which promised them a wife of eternal youthfulness in the other world. In order to retain the semblance of youthfulness while still upon earth the women were delicately tattooed on the forehead, chin and breasts; the bloom of the complexion was protected by a powder composed of a mixture of antimony and pounded charcoal; the lips were rouged; the eyes encircled with a black band which enhanced the brightness of their glances and which was lengthened on the temples, almost meeting the hair.

But, married very young, a mother before she was fifteen, often a grandmother at thirty, the Egyptian woman, aged by her work and fecundity, faded at an age when other women scarcely begin to grow old. Nevertheless, she would still remain "the husband's beloved" and the mistress of the house; and her maternity caused her to be greatly respected: "Double the bread that thou givest thy mother," said the *Maxims* of the scribe Ani. "Carry her, as she did carry thee. When, after the passing of months, thou wert born, she bore thee upon her

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neck, and during three years her breast was in thy mouth. She was never disgusted by thy filth and never said: 'Why do that?' She would lead thee to school when thou didst learn to write, and each day would be there with bread and beer from her house. When thou art grown up and takest a wife and hast a retinue of servants, think of the time when thy mother did bear thee. May she never have occasion to reproach thee or raise her hands to God; and may he never hear her lamentation.'" <sup>8</sup>





—· IV ·—

IN THE GARDENS OF THE PALACE OF  
ALEXANDRIA



## IN THE GARDENS OF THE PALACE OF ALEXANDRIA

CLEOPATRA'S infancy had been like that of all children of her rank. From the moment of her birth, separated from her father and mother,—the latter has passed into oblivion,—she had, in accordance with the custom, been confided to the care of a nurse.

Modesty was not a virtue on the banks of the Nile. In all classes of society, as at the court, the women, after having as quite little children played naked with their naked brothers, did not cease in adolescence to offer themselves to the gaze of men all but nude beneath the transparent gauzes in which the fashion clothed them, at least until their marriage. The presence of children caused their parents no uneasiness in their most intimate actions, and coarse expressions were in general use. The harlots publicly offered their charms to passers-by and even benefited by advantageous legal provisions.<sup>1</sup> Moreover, in the religion and the religious ceremonies there was no hesitation about evoking obscene forms of the divinity. Poetry itself sang of love without a veil and without hypocrisy, and the idle fancies of amorous Egyptian women only very rarely lost themselves in the vague mysteries of an ideal passion; rather, their dreams brought them the clear and precise image of physical beauty. "The sight of a young and vigorous man aroused in them an irresistible desire," Maspéro declares, "and

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it was enough for an Egyptian woman to conceive the idea of adultery to set her seeking the means of consummating it immediately."

Cleopatra had been brought up in these conditions with her brothers and sisters in the gardens of the palace of Alexandria. Those were years of *insouciance* spent among shameless flatterers and unscrupulous courtiers, but at the same time in the midst of domestic discord, secret plots, the vague dread of popular uprisings, and above all the fear of the Romans, whose insolence was unbridled.

Then the young Cleopatra had attained the marriageable age—and in the East that is early reached. Thereupon, in accordance with a venerated custom,<sup>2</sup> she had been taken to Thebes and offered as a human spouse to the god Amon Ra. Returning to the palace at Alexandria, why, she asked herself, should she deny herself a few amorous adventures? Had she not learned at Thebes from the priests of Amon how indulgent was the god toward weaknesses of this kind, so much so that he demanded that the youngest girl in each of the noble families of Thebes be consecrated to him as a divine concubine?

These initiations were indeed terrifying ordeals. In spite of the immodest *milieu* in which they grew up, the neophytes were able to form only a vague notion of the nature of the sacrifice, and many a cry of desperation had been stifled in the dark and silent *naos*. The sacrifice of their virginity caused many of them only a profound feeling of disgust and extreme pain.

But, once dedicated to the god, these "sacred ones"

## IN THE GARDENS OF THE PALACE

had the right to give themselves, according to their caprice, to whomever they wished. Their physical passion was the token of their spiritual passion, and they represented upon earth the paradise of voluptuousness that their soft embraces incited men to merit in eternity. Whoever approached them in the name of the god might possess them, and the erotic papyri of the Museum of Turin narrate with considerable detail the life of these servants of love. Their mission was to adorn and beautify love, and they always found the opportunity to make a rich marriage when the time came for them to retire, as is true to-day of those daughters of the desert, the Ouled-Naïl.

And then, how could a daughter of the Pharaohs, once initiated, resist the effluence of spring in those magnificent gardens, in the warm and perfumed shade of the luxuriant vegetation, where the trees, swayed by the sea breeze, whispered to her the words which certain papyri have preserved for us? <sup>3</sup>

The old sycamore, rustling in the evening wind, said: "My seeds are like the teeth of the beloved. My bearing is like that of her breasts. My life is longer than that of the other trees of the park. I remain in all seasons, and beneath my boughs she and he, intoxicated with wines <sup>4</sup> and cordials and bathed in fine perfumed oil, have confided their love. However, they treat me ill. Yet I am the first of trees, for all pass away except me. Therefore shall I disclose what they do beneath my shade."

And the fig tree, which yields succulent fruit, murmured: "I am the servant brought from Syria, the prisoner of the beloved. She received me into her park; with

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her own hands she gives me cool water from the river every morning. She loves me, for I am of a quiet humor and do not spoil the sweetness of my fruit by idle chatter."

And the little acacia, the tree of the Ionian islands, among whose topmost flowers hearts take shelter,<sup>5</sup> bending beneath the zephyr's caress, adds: "My branches also shelter her loves; but my heart is closed and I will never relate what she says. My leaves always reply: 'Go! Go spend every day in gladness.'"

"And what, then, shall I say when they sit upon my twisted trunk, intoxicated by my lotus flowers?" muttered the old persea, with its foliage of metallic green. "What are you beside me, whom you see upon the brows of their divinities?"

It is true that when he and she, their faces so close together that their outlines were merged into one, would sit beneath his foliage, the old tree would hear, better than any other, their tender words of love:

"My heart is so happy because of thy love," the young girl would say, "that half of the fore part of my hair falls down when I run to meet thee. See, all the birds of Pontus circle playfully above us. My heart goes out to thee and is bound to thy heart, of which it is the balance. Thy love holds me prisoner and I cannot leave thee."

And he would reply, very low: "Thy love pervades me, as wine spreads through water, as perfume mingles with gum. Thy voice moves me like a potent draught, O margoram of my heart! This is our moment of eternity. The body of my beloved is like a field of lotus buds, her bosom like a bowl of perfume."

And she would sigh: 'My heart leaps when I am in thy

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arms, O master of my body, and you treat me as I desire. Oh! sweet indeed is my moment of eternity!"<sup>6</sup>

But this period of heedlessness and youthful love affairs was interrupted by the death of Ptolemy Auletes. Cleopatra was his favorite child, and every day for her benefit he would call to that palace, in which she felt around her nothing but ill will and hostility, the learned men, poets, artists and even the actors of Alexandria. He would bring her into their conversations; he made her follow the history courses of Diodorus, the literary discussions of Didymus and Sosigenes' lessons in astronomy. She was therefore much grieved by the loss of her father, who nevertheless had put her sister Berenice to death.

Cleopatra was seventeen years old at the time (52 B. C.; year of Rome 702). The will of the defunct king designated as his successors, under the guardianship of the Roman people, his daughter Cleopatra and his son Dionysus, aged twelve, under the names of Cleopatra VI and Ptolemy XII, each of them surnamed Philopator, with no other reason, it seems, than that of having been designated to the throne by their father.

From the time that Osiris had married his sister Isis, the brother and sister who ascended the throne of the Pharaohs were obliged to marry each other. Cleopatra and Dionysus obeyed the custom. The boy was indeed still a child: *παῖς ἔτι κομιδῇ ἦν*, Dion remarks. But it was none the less an incestuous marriage. It must however be recognized that in the history of Egypt these



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royal unions had been happier than the marriages of alliance with foreign powers and notably the Asiatic marriages. The former had produced some splendid Pharaohs; the others had brought in their train only epilepsy and phthisis, of which Amenhotep IV, the reformer of the secular religion of Amon, the creator of the schism of Aton, the father of Tutenkhamon, was the most deplorable product.<sup>7</sup>

For an Egyptian girl of pure race marriage to her brother was the ideal union.

— . V . —

THE ENCHANTRESS



## THE ENCHANTRESS

**W**HILE these events were taking place in Egypt, in Rome Clodius had been murdered by Milo, and the following year Cicero was proconsul in Cilicia and won a victory over the Parthians at the Amanus. But in the year 705 of Rome (49 B. C.) Cæsar was to cross the Rubicon.

Rome had too many troubles of her own to pay attention to Egypt and the government of these two children, the more so since Cæsar's audacious act was to precipitate civil war between him and Pompey. The latter, after having left Rome and Italy, believed he could count on the children of the king he had restored to his throne through his lieutenant Gabinius.

Cleopatra responded, indeed, to the Roman general's confidence by rendering him considerable aid, and furnished him with troops to wage war with Cæsar. She was about to inaugurate the clever policy which she discontinued only at her death, and in order to further it she was ready to place every means at its service, in particular her seductive charm, of which she had already become conscious. She was not alone in thinking that Pompey's army, which was supported by all Romans, would easily prevail over Cæsar. The latter, although the conqueror of the Gauls, appeared to many to be only an adventurer. Then, too, Cæsar was far from Egypt, and Pompey was near at hand.

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Egypt up to that time had escaped the wreck in which the other kingdoms had foundered. She was the ally of Rome and not its tributary. Was it possible for her to survive the wreck, and would she be capable of doing so? As soon as Cleopatra was in possession of the throne of the Ptolemies this problem became her preoccupation.

Furthermore, the situation in Egypt had become far from secure. It was in the condition described by Livy, in which "the people can no longer support either the evils from which they suffer, nor the remedies which would be necessary to cure them." Under the Lagidæ the country had been troubled by civil wars and incestuous unions, exactions and massacres, and had seen the members of the family alternately persecutors and victims, each bent upon amassing gold with which to bribe a Roman tribune or consul.

As far as Rome was concerned Cleopatra understood the necessity for continuing the same line of action; but she decided she would also further her policy by making use of her fascinating charm. As regards Egypt, she could not doubt that her father Ptolemy Auletes had died execrated by his subjects. The parties hostile to the dynasty of the Lagidæ were numerous and powerful, and only awaited an opportunity, a weakness or a fault to overthrow the successors of the last Ptolemy and plunge the country into anarchy.

The authority she had manifested in agreeing to send troops to Pompey served as a pretext for these forces to rise against her, and Cleopatra understood that if she desired to remain mistress of Egypt she would have to win Rome to her support, or at least involve in her scheme

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the Roman who was the most powerful at Rome. For the moment, Pompey appeared to be her man. As for the means for attaining her object—she was a woman and would be able to find them.

In default of the great Pompey, who had enough to do to take care of his own affairs and had no time to give any attention to Egypt, nor to a young queen who, lacking personal authority, was only the plaything of a party or even a coterie, Cleopatra eagerly welcomed the general's elder son, Cneius. The latter had come to Alexandria in his father's name to fetch what remained of the legionaries of Gabinus.

Cneius Pompey was young, handsome, strong and had the prestige of a glorious name; Cleopatra grew weary beside an infant and hostile husband; and the trees of the enchanted garden overheard words of love. Detained by nothing but the charm of Cleopatra, for two months Pompey's son dallied at Alexandria.<sup>1</sup> It is possible that this time the young Queen, while not forgetting the policy that she had decided upon, was sincerely and tenderly enamoured. The historians imply that this was her only true love.

However, at Alexandria events were taking place rapidly. In agreement with the young King, his tutors and ministers, Pothinus and Achillas, in order to keep the power in their own hands, framed a plot against the young Queen, whom they considered too authoritative and too intelligent. The people remained ignorant of this plot, or were indifferent to it. Little they cared about the name of their master, provided that the Nile at the

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appointed day rose above its banks; that Egypt remained an oasis of verdure and water, and also an immense market; that the sacred animals did not die too often; that the festivals of their thousand divinities could be celebrated; that their barley beer and Libyan wine, mixed with sea water, were still abundant.<sup>2</sup>

The Egyptian, generally abstemious, easily became intemperate on "the happy days."<sup>3</sup> At that particular moment the festival of Serapis, the god of Health, who on account of the wonderful cures that he performed in his temple at Canopus was especially beloved of the people, was in progress. At such times the river and the canals were covered with boats, and the banks rang with obscene songs, accompanied by lascivious dances. From Alexandria to Canopus—120 stadia—the road was nothing but one long wild and noisy street.<sup>4</sup> Pleasure was now this people's real god. What could they gain from this palace plot against a young queen, the daughter of an illegitimate king whom it had detested, especially when that queen also played the Roman's game?

The sedition, however, became so menacing that Cleopatra thought it prudent, as the road to the sea was closed to her, to flee to Upper Egypt, in the direction of Thebes, under the sole protection of a faithful servitor. Dressed in the clothes of a shepherd, she was soon able to reach Syria.

Although this country had become a Roman province since Pompey had taken it from Tigranes, King of Armenia, in the year of Rome 691 (63 B. C.), Cleopatra managed to raise an army there.

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But Pompey was beaten at Pharsalia, and, convinced that Cleopatra's brother, who, like the Queen, owed to him his accession to the throne, was devoted to his cause, he believed he would find a safe retreat in Egypt.

With a view to winning the good graces of the victor, the King, or rather his ministers, decided to have the defeated general assassinated. "To receive Pompey," said one of their number, Achillas, "is to make Cæsar our enemy and Pompey our master, whereas dead men do not bite."<sup>5</sup> But it was necessary to separate Pompey from his own men, for they would have been able to defend him; to avoid arousing his suspicion, for he would have been able to take flight, and harbor a grudge; and to kill him before he set foot on land, for his veterans would have been able to run to protect him.

Accordingly, when the fugitive's little fleet arrived on the seventh day before the Calends of October, 706 (September 29, 48 B. C.), in view of Pelusium, where Ptolemy-Dionysus had taken up his station with his army, a little Egyptian boat went to fetch him. As the boat neared the shore and Pompey had arisen to get off, his wife Cornelia, who, feeling uneasy, watched his movements from one of the ships of the fleet, saw Sulpicius—a Roman nevertheless—who was in the boat, strike him from behind.<sup>6</sup>

The murderers were deceived in their expectations. Five days later ten galleys from Rhodes and some others from Asia appeared in the offing, and Cæsar disembarked at Alexandria with two legions of 3,200 men and 800 horses. The minister Theodotus obsequiously presented to the victor of Pharsalia the embalmed head and the seal



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of Pompey; but Cæsar expressed only horror against the authors of so odious an assassination and wept for his enemy.

These events by no means escaped the perspicacity of Cleopatra. Pompey was dead; long live Cæsar! It was to the latter that henceforth she should attach her fortune.

Without losing an instant, she left Syria for Alexandria. The journey was not accomplished without difficulty or peril, for, according to Appian, she was wrecked in sight of Egyptian soil, a circumstance which obliged her to outwit either the army or the galleys of her brother. Accompanied only by her tutor, Apollodorus, she embarked in a fishing boat. Hiding at the bottom of the hold, and arriving off Pharos she there awaited nightfall.

Cæsar was preparing to leave Egypt, where nothing detained him any longer, and return to Rome, where, on the contrary, the interests of his party called him. But he saw Cleopatra. Rolled up in a soldier's blanket, she had been introduced into the palace and had stolen into Cæsar's apartment.

Next morning the Egyptian question had changed its appearance.

Cæsar, however, was not altogether the ideal lover for a twenty-year-old queen. Cleopatra, on the other hand, was in the splendour of her youth and beauty.

Although Dion Cassius says that "she was the most

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beautiful of women, enchanting to see and to hear," it was not so much her veritable beauty which made her "capable of conquering the hearts which most resisted the influence of love or which had been chilled by age."<sup>7</sup> "Her beauty, considered separately and in itself," says Plutarch, "was neither so incomparable nor marvelous that it immediately filled those who saw her with admiration"; but "she had an adorable voice and by the charm of her speech won all who conversed with her."<sup>8</sup> "It was an infinitely voluptuous pleasure merely to hear her speak."<sup>9</sup> What is certain is that the seductiveness of her entire person, which was rather small, combined with the happiest of dispositions, made her irresistibly attractive and "left in the heart and the mind a thorn that pricked to the quick." Appian likewise says that "over all who approached her she exerted a fascination which was due much more to her intellectual qualities, her supreme grace and the incomparable charm which flowed from her entire person, than to her beauty." And indeed, while she had large eyes and an aquiline nose, her chin was slightly pronounced. But her eyes were of limpid splendour: it seems that they were of a bluish mauve, perhaps even the color of her inseparable amethyst ring.

But was she blonde, as blonde as her grandmother Berenice, as several modern authors have imagined her to be? For a time we had ourselves believed her to be so. Nothing, however, substantiates this belief—indeed, on the contrary; for if she was of Macedonian origin by her father, and had not a drop of African blood in her veins, she was nevertheless an Idumæan by her mother—

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that is, a Jewess of Palestine, the country of Antipater and his son Herod, and there consequently is no likelihood that she was blonde.

Lucan had also written some enthusiastic verses on her in the eleventh and twelfth books of his *Pharsalia*; but he was obliged to burn them in order to escape Nero's persecutions, and the amputated poem stops at the tenth book.

As regards Cæsar, if the arduous labors and hardships of his campaigns in Gaul had proved better for him than the existence of pleasures, banquets and overindulgence that he led at Rome; if the open-air life, the physical exercise and enforced continence of the camps had improved his health; if even his attacks of epilepsy, which had grown worse during his command in Spain, had almost completely disappeared, <sup>10</sup> he was still physically rather weak and of a delicate and sickly constitution. His features were drawn, his cheeks hollow, his teeth were poor, and his thin hair was drawn over from the back of his head in order to hide his baldness. Moreover, he was no longer young—he was fifty-two at the time, having been born in the year of Rome 654 (100 B. C.). But he was tall, and had well-made limbs, and—what were especially remarkable—in his pale, hairless countenance two melancholy black eyes shone from beneath a thinker's brow with a deep and penetrating gaze that had a disturbing but attractive power. Furthermore, he paid much attention to his personal appearance, and was as much concerned about the folds of his toga as a consular success. In addition to this, he was an elegant and charming con-

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versationalist, was affably polite, and extended to everyone the most courteous reception.<sup>11</sup> And then Cæsar was the man of the hour, the conqueror of the Gauls, the victor of Pharsalia and the master of Rome.

When Ptolemy and his ministers learned that Cleopatra had spent the night in Cæsar's chamber they knew that their cause was lost. And indeed the Roman now undertook to interpret Ptolemy Auletes' will and, as sole arbiter, settle the King's quarrel with his sister-wife. "He was now," wrote Dion, "only the defender of her of whom he had but lately considered himself the judge."

Incited by the eunuch Pothinus, Minister of Finance, who feared that Cæsar might be succeeded by a Gabinus or a Rabirius of some sort, the young Ptolemy escaped from the palace, and, mad with anger, rushed into the midst of the people, crying out that they were betrayed, tore the crown from his head and threw it on the ground.<sup>12</sup> Nothing more was needed to lead the people, already discontented with the exactions and arrogance of the Roman soldiers, to sedition.

Although Egypt was the ally of Rome, the understanding was far from being cordial. The Egyptians looked upon the Romans, for whom they had little love, as coarse, brutal, uncultivated and barbarous. At Alexandria itself the Latin tongue was little understood and still less spoken.<sup>13</sup>

While King Ptolemy was being brought back to the palace by Cæsar's soldiers, Pothinus invited Achilles, Ptolemy's minister and general, to come to Alexandria with his army, and war was declared on Cæsar.

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Under the last of the Lagidæ the national army had become non-existent. There was nothing but a kind of foreign legion composed of some of Gabinius's old soldiers, riffraff, fugitive slaves and deserters from all countries of the Mediterranean.<sup>14</sup> That army, composed of 24,000 determined and seasoned men, soon forced Cæsar to intrench himself with his legions behind the high walls in the triple line of works of the Ptolemaic palace. It was a siege of a very real character that Cæsar had to withstand while waiting for the reinforcements that he had requested from Cneius Domitius Calvinus, who had remained in Asia as proconsul.

Cæsar nevertheless continued from that position to govern Italy and the Roman Empire; but on the Ides of December (December 13), 705, he found himself completely blockaded in the palace and was so cut off from the rest of the world that during the first six months of the year 706, Rome, Italy and the Empire received no word from him.<sup>15</sup> Within the palace there were with him only Cleopatra, scarcely 3,000 legionaries and 800 German horsemen who had disembarked with him. Each day it became more difficult to obtain food supplies, for the populace, becoming enraged, had arisen and united with the army. At the end of his resources, Cæsar preferred to enter into a compact: he returned to the Egyptians their King, whom he had kept in a sort of captivity, on the sole condition that Cleopatra should share the throne with him.

Scarcely had he been set at liberty than Ptolemy Dionysos vented all his anger once more upon Cæsar and

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the Romans. He rejoined his sister Arsinoë, who, thanks to her foster father, the eunuch Ganymedes, had managed to escape from the palace, where she also had been kept a prisoner, and had taken refuge in the camp of the Alexandrians. Ganymedes, who had done away with Achilles and taken command of the Egyptian army, lacked neither ingenuity nor energy, and the war recommenced on land and sea. Cæsar, who for a time had left Alexandria, was under the necessity of reconquering the city on his return. In the course of an unlucky engagement, in which he lost 400 legionaries and a still greater number of seamen,<sup>16</sup> the master of Rome was even obliged to save himself by swimming away from the pursuing Egyptians, leaving his purple robe in the hands of the Alexandrians, who kept it as a trophy.

Finally, on the sixth day before the Calends of April, 706 (March 27, 48 B. C.), Cæsar took possession of the city; but during the attack the famous Library fell a prey to the flames. It was housed in the Museum, and contained some priceless treasures, including an *Odyssey* from the library of Aristotle which had been purchased for a fabulous sum by Ptolemy Philopator, the originals of Sophocles' tragedies, the *Memoirs* of Alexander by Ptolemy Soter, the Bible, translated into Greek by Ptolemy Philadelphus, and many other volumes.

All these battles had exhausted Cæsar's troops, and he might very likely have been overcome in the end had not Mithradates of Pergamum, the son of the great Mithradates, come to his aid. In a battle near the mouth of the Nile, Ptolemy's army was completely defeated, and in the rout the young King Dionysus was drowned in the

## CLEOPATRA

river (48 B. C.; 706 of Rome). He was a handsome young man, intelligent and courageous, but his associates had made him jealous, ambitious and mischievous.<sup>17</sup>

In the name of Rome, Cæsar proclaimed Cleopatra Queen of Egypt, making her younger brother, the Infant, her partner on the throne, for form's sake, under the name of Ptolemy XIII. The boy, who was only eleven, was of delicate constitution and often ill.<sup>18</sup> Nevertheless, he became, in conformity with the custom of the Pharaohs, his sister's husband, his youth saving him from Cæsar's jealousy. As for Arsinoë, Cæsar sent her to Rome to take part in his triumph.

When these matters were settled, it was thought that Cæsar would return to Italy without further delay. But the days and weeks passed, and still Rome did not see the return of the victor of Pharsalia. His friends, growing anxious, wrote to him vainly entreating him to come back with all speed, for disturbances were again breaking out in Rome and the most diverse reports circulated regarding his obstinacy in remaining in Egypt. Some, indeed, decided to go to find him; but to all of them he declared that the persistence of the west winds prevented him from embarking. In reality, he forgot himself in Cleopatra's company, taking pleasure, Suetonius tells us, in remaining at table with her till daybreak, and in undertaking a voyage up the Upper Nile as far as Philæ in a luxuriously appointed house boat.<sup>19</sup> He would even have gone with her into Ethiopia if his army had not refused to follow him. Did he hope to realize with her his dream of discovering the "Caput Nili"? <sup>20</sup>

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The days came and went, and still the Roman did not leave the Egyptian woman. And thus the months, spent in entertainments and banquets, games and voluptuous pleasures, flowed by. But Rome clamored for Cæsar's return, and they were obliged to reconcile themselves to separation.

And in the early days of June, 48,<sup>21</sup> Cæsar left for Rome by way of Syria, abandoning Egypt and the enchantress, who was now pregnant. For the protection of the Queen and her unborn child he left behind him, with the exception of the sixth legion of the veterans, all the Roman troops, whom he placed under the command of Rufius, one of his generals in whom he had the most confidence.<sup>22</sup>

Cæsar was destined never again to see the land of the Ptolemies.





—· VI ·—

THE DIVINE JULIUS



## THE DIVINE JULIUS

**T**HE coming of maternity to Cleopatra, which crowned all her political aspirations, provided her with a distraction from the vexation caused her by the separation. She wanted this child, in whose veins, by her, ran the blood of the Ptolemies, to come into the world not according to the rites that had been observed for more than two thousand years for the Pharaohs, but with the practices customary at Rome. She refused to bear her child, as was the custom in Egypt, while seated upon a large wide-brimmed vessel of baked clay, with the nurse waiting at the door of the chamber.<sup>1</sup>

She consented, however, to permit seven priestesses of Hathor to be present at the birth of the child and pronounce their judgment. This was a favor they accorded only to the great of the earth. These women, whose highly painted cheeks rose into points like two little heifer's ears, and whose carmined lips—even when they were to foretell some misfortune—bore an immutable smile, would lift the veil of the future as soon as the child was born. Each day and month had its own special virtues, and the entire life of the newborn child was to be fashioned by the unchangeable mold that the gods had prepared for it from the beginning of time.<sup>2</sup> Even though he be the son of Cleopatra and Cæsar he would, like every other human being, be subject to implacable destiny, and no less than the most humble would one day

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have to give account at the Tribunal of Osiris, before which his soul would appear, of the virtues and crimes with which he had burdened the lot that had been presented him by the gods.

While waiting, the seven priestesses, according to the customary formula, declared the day of his birth blessed: "Joy among the gods, happiness to man, for the enemy of Amon is overthrown! Whosoever is born this day will die of old age, venerated by his people."<sup>3</sup>

In view of the particular circumstances in which the child was born this sacramental benediction seems to have been somewhat paradoxical.

The child was named Cæsarion, after his father.

Two years had passed since Cæsar had left Egypt. Back once more in Rome he found it impossible to forget Cleopatra, and was still jealous of her. Yet he could not hope that that young queen of twenty summers would be satisfied with the doubtful love of her infant brother. Could one expect her to be more virtuous than the Roman ladies, now that the patrician matrons had abandoned the austere customs of other times and preferred to live the life of the courtesans, or *catinae*, of the Republic? Why should a queen have any reserve when her people and the whole Roman world had so little? Nevertheless her amatory excursions—or at least those attributed to her by ill-wishers—were such as to cause Cæsar some uneasiness.<sup>4</sup>

Under the pretext of presenting the Queen and her brother to the Senate and of having Egypt accepted as the ally of Rome, he sent for them to come to Rome.

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The Queen and King arrived in that city at the end of July, 708 (46 B. C.). The little Cæsarion, several learned men, including Sosigenes, and a large following of ministers and servants accompanied them.

The exotic Queen and these people from the East aroused lively curiosity. Her presence nevertheless gave rise to a considerable scandal,<sup>5</sup> and Suetonius is quite critical of Cæsar in the matter.<sup>6</sup> People complacently recalled that he had already harbored an immoderate desire for royal amours; that during the African war he had been smitten with Eunoë, the wife of Bogud, King of Mauretania, and that he had overwhelmed both of them with magnificent presents; that at Rome he lived a life of debauchery, taking pleasure in seducing married women of the greatest distinction—including Postumia, the wife of Servius Sulpicius; Lollia, the wife of Aulus Gabinius; Tertulla, the spouse of Crassus; and even Mucia, the wife of Cneius Pompey, and most notably Servilia, the wife of Junius Brutus, the mother of the man who was to be his murderer. Notwithstanding the spiteful insinuations that were thrown out regarding his stay at the court of Nicomedes, and although the elder Curio in one of his speeches had gone so far as to say of him that "he was the husband of all wives, and the wife of all husbands," no one could really maintain that he was a misogynist, and with even less reason since he now appeared to be enamored of Cleopatra. In his impatience to see her again this man of almost sixty summers was like a youth in his first love affair:

*Soepe venit magno fœnore tardus amor.*<sup>7</sup>

He installed the "divine enchantress" in his villa on

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the Janiculum, on the other side of the Tiber. That estate, which was on the site at present occupied by the Pamphili villa,<sup>8</sup> was one of the largest and most splendid of the residences in Rome, but it was not, however, comparable to the palace of Alexandria. There the Queen of Egypt lived without pomp and without eccentricities, taking special care to conform to the habits and customs of Rome and to please her aging lover—her “divine Julius”—and giving much attention to their child, whom Cæsar agreed should continue to be called Cæsarion.

This son resembled him, people thought, both in looks and bearing. In the matter of looks this may well have been true, but as regards bearing, the child was so young that the statement needs to be taken with a grain of salt! Later on Antony declared in the Senate that Cæsar had acknowledged the child, and that Matius, Oppius and others of his friends had been aware of the fact. But it seems very likely that in saying this Antony only sought to disparage Octavius, Cæsar’s adopted son. In any case, Oppius, after the Dictator’s death, protested against that acknowledgment and published a pamphlet under the title *Caesar is not the father of the child designated by Cleopatra*.

Cleopatra was obliged to be present at Cæsar’s four triumphs.

If the first, which celebrated the conquest of the Gauls, was adorned by Vercingetorix, the third by Pharnaces, King of Pontus, and the fourth by Juba’s son, a child, in the second, Arsinoë, who awaited in prison the fate

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reserved for her, had also followed the conqueror of the Ptolemies, whose mistress her sister had then become. The presence in Rome of these two sisters whose fortunes had been so different aroused the pity of the Roman people, generally far from compassionate, in Arsinoë's favor. What was Cleopatra's attitude during these celebrations, and what were her emotions when she saw that sister of hers, a captive behind her conqueror's car, loaded with chains? We do not know. Her feelings were strong enough, however, to lead her later on to prefer death to a similar humiliation. But what we do know is that her intervention obtained a pardon for her sister, and saved her from the fate which, in conformity with the Roman law, befell the other prisoners, with the exception of Juba's son. Arsinoë even received permission to live with her sister in Rome.

All this did nothing to make public opinion more favorable, and people began to pity Culpurnia, the daughter of Lucius Piso. This fourth and last wife<sup>9</sup> Cæsar had speedily forsaken, although she had always shown a real and sincere affection for him. It is true that she was of a weak and sickly constitution, an icy temperament and cross-grained disposition;<sup>10</sup> but were these sufficient reasons for compelling her to board her husband's mistress? Nevertheless, remarks Ferrero, was not that the fate at that epoch of all women—even the most honorable—in the upper strata of Roman society? Sacrificed by their parents to their political ambitions, they were—at least up to that time—married, repudiated and remarried from one year to another, regardless of the husband's age or worth; condemned to change their



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home, condition and fortune according to the vicissitudes of politics, to find in their husband's house children older than themselves, and to be forsaken for *hetæræ* and freedwomen.

This time, however, the people bore Cæsar a grudge for giving himself up to a foreign woman and became indignant because he paraded his adulterous relationship in public. They also bore that Queen-lover a grudge because she conducted herself like a model spouse, while so many Roman matrons behaved like depraved courtesans: by so doing she disappointed the hopes of the men and troubled the consciences of the women.<sup>11</sup>

This did not prevent Cleopatra from receiving at her villa across the Tiber the greatest personages of the Republic, who thus found a means of paying court to the master of the hour. She even received a visit from Cicero, but the orator retained only a bitter memory of that interview. He declares in one of his letters to Atticus of the eve of the Ides of June (June 12), 709 (45 B. C.), that this was due to the haughtiness with which the Queen apparently received him. In reality, as has been said,<sup>12</sup> he was bitterly disappointed in not having received some articles and manuscripts from the Library of Alexandria which had been saved from the fire and which she had promised to him through Ammonius, an old servant of her father's.

In another letter, also to Atticus, of the Ides of June (June 13) of the following year, Cicero speaks of Cleopatra and of one of her servants with no less vehemence: "Of this Sura," said he, "I know nothing, except that he is a rascal and, besides, is insolent. I never saw him at

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my house but once, and when I asked him civilly—for it was necessary to treat even the favorite's servants with deference—what he wished, he told me he was looking for Atticus. As for the arrogance of the Queen herself when she was in the gardens across the Tiber, I cannot mention it without great indignation." How difficult it is to be satisfied with a person, as La Bruyère was to say. Cicero boasted of his ability to unmask people; but in his impetuosity he often tore away the face with the mask.

Cleopatra herself appeared to be perfectly happy. She lived in dreams, for "dreams do not come only at night," as an old Japanese poem says; "in this world of pain they come to us even during the day."

And thus nearly three years went by.

A single cloud obscured for a moment the admiration that, for want of love, she felt for Cæsar—the ferocity with which he carried on the struggle against Cneius Pompey. She felt certain that Cæsar's hatred was due to the fact that Cneius had preceded him in the graces of the woman who now was dearer to him than his glory.

Cæsar, indeed, went beneath the walls of Munda (Ronda, in Grenada) in the year of Rome 709, in search of Pompey's two sons—for Sextus was with his brother—and when his veterans relaxed their efforts, in spite of the fact that he was nearly sixty he threw himself into the midst of them and cried: "What, then! Would you deliver your general into the hands of children?" A score of times Cæsar, while trying to come to grips with Cneius, narrowly escaped being killed or taken prisoner. In other wars he had fought for glory; there he fought to satisfy

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a lover's grudge. Finally, Pompey's army was routed, and thirty thousand Pompeians perished that day. Sextus, called the Younger—he was the younger son—succeeded in taking flight; but Cneius, horribly mangled and mortally wounded, died in a cave, devoured by wolves. The account of Cneius' end, which Cæsar rather too obligingly gave her, made Cleopatra shudder. Her lover, who, in spite of everything, was somewhat the worse for wear, henceforth seemed odious to her.

As for him, notwithstanding the illusory consolations which Cicero's *de Senectute* attempts to offer, he had never had a "desire to grow old," and had never so much regretted that he was no longer young.

So much was he under the empire of the divine enchantress that all that was Egyptian found favor in his eyes: Theopompus, one of the Queen's counsellors, became his favorite; Sosigenes, while continuing to instruct the young Ptolemy the Infant, was given the task of reforming the calendar by suppressing the intercalary months and giving the year 365 days, with a supplementary day every four years. In honor of Cæsar the seventh month of the year in this new calendar was named Julius (July).

In order to keep a souvenir of the woman he loved so completely Cæsar had a portrait of Cleopatra painted by Timonachos of Byzantium, the first painter of Rome of the time. He even committed the sacrilege of placing it in the temple of Venus Genetrix, beside the image of the goddess, the work of the same artist,<sup>18</sup> thus associating his mistress, as paredrial goddess, with the mother of the Romans and of Julius. Such an act was a profana-

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tion of the national religion and the memorials of his family by an Eastern apotheosis. It was even reported that he had conceived the idea of ruling the world with her.

Popular indignation, as a consequence, rose to fever pitch against the "bald adulterer," as he was called in the distich that his soldiers sang at the time of his Gallic triumph :

Romans look to your wives : we bring back the bald adulterer.  
In Gaul he dissipated in debauchery the gold he borrowed here.<sup>14</sup>

The murder of Cæsar, the victim of conspirators incited by Brutus and Cassius, put an end to that idyl and destroyed the great hopes of the Queen of Egypt.



—· VII ·—

ALEXANDRIA



## ALEXANDRIA

**C**ONTRARY to the statement of Suetonius, who declares that Cæsar sent Cleopatra back loaded with presents and honors, it would seem that the murder of the Dictator found her still in Rome.

It was only natural, in view of the hostility of the Romans, that she should be alarmed, and at the beginning of April, 710 (44 B. C.), less than a month after the Ides of March, taking advantage of the confusion at Rome, she hurriedly took to flight with her son and her suite. Indeed, a letter of Cicero's dated the seventeenth day before the Calends of May (April 15) of the same year, and sent from his villa at Sinuessa, contains the words: "The flight of the Queen gives me no pain."

Furthermore, it should be remarked that no ancient author mentions her brother and husband after her departure from Rome. The Jewish historian Josephus and the Syrian philosopher Porphyry even hint that advantage was taken of the disorders in Rome following the Dictator's assassination to do away with the unfortunate little Ptolemy XIII, called the Infant. It seems that he was poisoned by his sister. But Josephus, it is true, shows himself at all times a relentless detractor of Cleopatra, while Porphyry is also prejudiced. In any case, no contemporary writer attributes that crime to Cleopatra.

However that may be, while Arsinoë, in her hatred of



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everything Roman and her fondness for the Greek spirit, sought refuge at Ephesus and buried herself in the obscurity of the temple of Diana, Cleopatra returned to Alexandria in a somewhat discouraged frame of mind.

The assassination of Cæsar had troubled her profoundly. That event had deprived her of her lover, her son's father, without doubt her future husband and, above all, her most cherished ambitions. Moreover, was it possible that what in the beginning had on her side been nothing but a political design had developed into a reciprocal affection? Even in face of the sorrow she showed at the news of Cæsar's murder it is difficult to believe such to be the case. Yet in the life of everyone, even of a queen, there is a happy period, be it short or long, a divine moment in which life smiles, and whose memory brightens one's darkest hours. Cleopatra must have thought that her divine moment had been the period she had spent in Rome, loved by Cæsar.

But the gods have created a pain for every pleasure, and, according to the old maxim, "joy always ends in sorrow."

Returning to Alexandria, she wore deep mourning, appearing to live only for the child she had borne to Cæsar; and, as though she feared she might not long survive those melancholy events, she began the construction of her mausoleum.

But was not her despair due rather to the fact that she saw her hopes destroyed, and perceived that all she had erected in defiance of her glory and her womanly dignity was overthrown, and her son left without a defender or

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powerful support? Furthermore, she felt considerable anxiety on account of the insecurity, now greater than ever, of her throne, which henceforth was at the mercy of an uprising of the people or a palace conspiracy.

Alexandria, which before her stay at Rome had seemed to her the most beautiful city in the world, able to bear comparison with Babylon, Athens, Antioch or Jerusalem, now seemed to be without attraction and her palace a tomb. And yet Alexandria was a magnificent city, absolutely Greek, quite different from the other cities of Egypt. If the Ptolemies had always made a practice of respecting the national beliefs, customs and religious ceremonies, the city contained many Greeks and Jews, who kept very much to themselves, and its population was not less than that of Rome.<sup>1</sup>

Alexandria had been founded by Alexander during his stay in Egypt, in 331 B. C. According to Plutarch, it was the realization of a vision. One night at Memphis, while Alexander was asleep he thought a white-haired old man of venerable countenance drew near to him and repeated the following lines from the *Odyssey*:

High o'er a gulfy sea the Parthian isle  
Fronts the deep roar of disemboguing Nile.

Without delay, Alexander went to the island, which at that time was a little below the Canopic mouth of the Nile. As soon as he set eyes on it he admired its situation and declared that Homer, being perfect in everything, could make no mistake.<sup>2</sup> He immediately ordered

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plans for a new city to be drawn up and the construction to be begun immediately. Nothing was spared in the effort to make it a beautiful city. Pliny the Elder is loud in its praises, adding that it "was circular, like a chlamys bordered with a fringe, with angular prolongations on both sides, and two streets each a plethron [101.1 feet] in width."

A mole about 1,400 yards long, called the Heptastadium because it was seven stadia in length,<sup>3</sup> connected the island of Pharos with the mainland, and separated the eastern and western parts of the roadstead, thus creating two harbors—the Greater Harbor and the Eunostos, or the Haven of Happy Return—which communicated with each other. This simple causeway was to be widened little by little by alluvial deposits, until it formed a veritable isthmus. In addition to this, a canal, called the Canopic canal, which was navigable from Alexandria to the Nile, was dug and its banks were adorned by beautiful pleasure houses and delightful gardens.

The monuments of Alexandria were numerous. There were the Soma, the tomb of the Ptolemies, which also contained the sepulchre of Alexander, transported by Ptolemy I from Memphis, to Alexandria, but not without its original golden coffin having been replaced by one of glass<sup>4</sup>; the Posidium, Neptune's temple; the Homerion, a monument to Homer; the Arsinoëion, the temple of Arsinoë, the wife of Ptolemy Philadelphus, worshipped in Egypt under the name of Venus Zephyritis and generally represented mounted upon an ostrich, the emblem of agility; the Amphitheater; the Stadium; the

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Emporium, or great market; and, above all, the Library, founded by Ptolemy I Soter. The Library was housed in the Museum and contained, before its regrettable destruction by fire, 400,000 volumes. Very early the building had become inadequate, and a supplementary library had been formed in the Serapeum, which soon contained 300,000 additional volumes. The supplementary library was reached by a monumental stairway of more than one hundred steps. The Serapeum stood, indeed, upon a hill in the eastern part of the city. It was one of the most celebrated temples of antiquity, and served as a tomb for the sacred Apis bulls, which were reverently mummified.

But it was not the only wonder of Alexandria. The second Ptolemy, called Philadelphus, had had a lighthouse constructed on the island of Pharos, whence the name which has been given to constructions of this kind. It was a veritable palace of white marble, surmounted by an immense square tower, also of marble, with galleries reared one upon the other, forming graceful colonnades. The entire structure was 400 feet high, and at its top was a large mirror which by day reflected vessels before they were visible to the eye on the horizon. This lighthouse was considered the eighth wonder of the world.

The immense and sumptuous palace of the Ptolemies, also called Dicasterion, stood in the Bruchium, at the end of the Greater Harbor, opposite a basin in which the royal galleys rode at anchor. It was surrounded by immense gardens, the area of which was equivalent to a quarter of the city. The apartments, which were much

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more comfortable than the most beautiful of the patrician residences of Rome, were admirably decorated. Only a few rooms were in the Egyptian style. The walls, vaulted roofs and furniture were painted with designs executed with minute care. The main walls of the rooms were divided into panels bordered with festoons, winged cupids and masks, and within these frames Alexandrian artists had depicted scenes drawn from Homer, Theocritus and from mythology, or some of those Dionysiac scenes which so much pleased the Egypt of the Ptolemies. There were also pictures of common life, in which the beauties of nature mingled with the elegances of art, often with a little eroticism and even obscenity.

Under the influence of Greece the Egyptian painters had made great progress. If Egypt, remarks Pliny the Elder, had invented painting six thousand years before the Greeks, her artists, until the Ptolemies, had clung to the delineation of persons and objects in silhouette, employing, however, certain conventional methods, notably in drawing the eye. In a head painted in profile, the eye, rendered by lines superimposed upon the background, has neither pupil nor glance. What the Egyptian artist seeks to do is to represent a lifelike eye, and in order to produce the necessary effect he turns it sideways, making it appear as it would if seen from in front and full; the shoulders, which are seen from the front on the same plane, but turned, are similarly treated. The chest, of which only one breast is shown in the exterior profile, is slightly turned to one side; the abdomen, in which the navel is visible, is turned in the same way; the attire conforms to a similar arrangement. These deformations are

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responsible for the strange appearance of Egyptian paintings. But the decorators of the palace of Alexandria had broken with these anomalies, without however having attained the virtuosity of the Greeks.

In addition to this mural ornamentation sculptors had inlaid the walls with precious marbles, and mosaicists had embellished the floors with graceful designs. Finally, the halls were adorned by sumptuous carpets, furniture and vases of fine and artistic workmanship.<sup>5</sup>

In this great palace, where everything recalled to Cleopatra the time when she believed herself truly absolute mistress of Cæsar, the mournfulness of her solitude weighed heavily upon her, in spite of the presence of Cæsarion, whom she dearly loved. But time, as always, did its work, and little by little her youthful spirit indulged in new hopes. The memory of Cæsar dimmed imperceptibly.

Then, at Alexandria, in front of the Greater Harbor, she began to erect to the past and to the future, to Cæsar and to Cæsarion, a very large and majestic temple—the Cæsareum, the temple of Memory and Hope. Death was to overtake her before the monument was completed, and the destiny of that structure was inconstant: begun for Cæsar, it was continued in honor of Antony, but completed only by Augustus, who consecrated it during his lifetime to his own worship. It was thenceforth called the Sebasteum.<sup>6</sup> To adorn the entrance Cleopatra sent to Heliopolis for two monoliths of red granite—the obelisks were always used in pairs—inscribed with hieroglyphics and bearing the cartouches

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of Thutmose III of the XVIIIth Dynasty. These obelisks, which were called "Cleopatra's Needles," were until less than a century ago still at Alexandria, one erect, the other lying in the sand. At the present day one stands on the Thames Embankment in London, and the other in Central Park, New York.

But these are all that now remains of Cleopatra.

PART II  
MARK ANTONY

—• I •—

THE CONQUEST OF THE ROMAN



## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

They gaze from the high terrace where they trace,  
As Egypt sleeps beneath the burning sky,  
Toward Sais and Bubastis rolling nigh,  
The fertile stream to the black Delta's base.  
The steel-clad Roman feels her body's grace,  
As charmed the soldier soothes her drowsy sigh,  
Relax and on his heart triumphant lie,  
Swooning voluptuous in his embrace.  
Drunk with her hair's invincible perfume,  
He holds her as she proffers, pale with doom,  
Her limpid eyes and lips with passion bold;  
And bending close, the ardent Emperor sees  
In her great orbs, enstarred with flecks of gold,  
An ocean widen where her galley flees.

—From *The Trophies* of José-Maria de Heredia.  
English translation by John Myers O'Hara.  
Reprinted through the courtesy of the  
translators and John Day Company.

## THE CONQUEST OF THE ROMAN

**A**FTER the odious assassination of Cicero, ordered by Antony, the Antony-Octavius-Lepidus triumvirate gave no peace to the Roman world. Brutus and Cassius had fled and raised the East in revolt against Rome.

The Convention of Bologna between the triumvirs had assigned Italy and Gaul to Octavius; Spain and Africa to Lepidus, and to Antony the whole of the East. The latter was certainly the most valuable part of the Roman Empire. While the European provinces were poor, thinly peopled and semi-barbarian, and Italy herself was passing through a grave economic crisis, the East was loaded with wealth and highly civilized, possessing great commercial cities, traveled routes, important centers of study and extensive cultivated areas.

There was, indeed, a fourth personage, whom the Convention of Bologna had pretended to ignore—Sextus, the younger son of the great Pompey. However, the triumvirate was by no means without some anxiety on his account, for, master of Sicily and the islands, he had won the pirates to his cause and with their help controlled the seas. Moreover, the name of Pompey was still a magic one to the Romans.

The first act of Antony and Octavius was to march with eleven legions and overtake Cassius and Brutus in the East. The latter had raised an army, and kept

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within the confines of Macedonia and Thrace, beyond Thessalonica (Salonika). They occupied two hills which dominated the plain of Philippi, whilst their fleet was moored in front of the island of Thasos.<sup>1</sup>

A double battle took place.

On the fifth day before the Ides of October, 712 (42 B. C.), Octavius had Brutus in front of him, and Antony, Cassius. At the first onset Cassius's army was broken and his cavalry took to flight, Cassius being unable to prevent the rout. For his part Brutus, on the contrary, broke the ranks of the army of Octavius. The latter, making the condition of his health a pretext, had resolved to keep out of the battle and remain in his tent. A dream that had come to one of his friends almost spurred him, at the last moment, to hide himself outside the camp, which subsequently was taken, and his litter, in which he was believed to be lying, pierced with sword thrusts and cut to pieces.<sup>2</sup>

Cassius had not been able to bear up against the disaster which had overtaken him and had committed suicide. The next day Brutus, wishing to avenge his friend, resumed the battle; but as Antony had joined forces with the remainder of the army which Octavius had at last decided to rally, Brutus was in turn defeated. Rather than take to flight again, and in order not to fall into the hands of his enemies alive, Cæsar's murderer asked his friend Strato to hold out his sword, and flung himself upon it.

"Several reasons may be given for the general Roman practice of committing suicide," remarks Montesquieu :

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“the progress made by the Stoic sect, which encouraged it; the establishment of triumphs and of slavery, which made many great men think that a defeat should not be survived; the advantage that accused men secured by taking their own lives rather than undergoing a sentence by which their memory would be tarnished and their possessions confiscated; a sort of point of honor, perhaps more reasonable than that which prompts us to-day—in the guise of the duel—to murder a friend for a gesture or a word; finally, a great facility for heroism, each finishing the play he acted in the world wherever he wished.” And Montesquieu might have added the conception of the sacrifice, a fundamental idea of paganism, which is to be found throughout the Greek drama, as though it were its very essence.

After the battle, when the senators who had been taken prisoner had been led before the two triumvirs several of them violently inveighed against Octavius; but all saluted Antony with respect, for the victory was indeed due to him. Henceforth he appeared as the supreme arbiter of a power as great and as indisputable as Cæsar’s after Pharsalia.

While Octavius returned to Rome Antony, crossing the Hellespont—now the Dardanelles—entered Asia Minor with the intention of taking up Cæsar’s great project which death had arrested—the conquest of Persia from the Parthians. During the last eight months of the Dictator’s life Antony had been his most intimate confidant, and after his death had seized all his papers, notably

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the plans for that war. Everything had been worked out, from the number of legions to the road to be taken.

But amid the voluptuousness of those Asiatic cities, the victor of Philippi yielded to his changeable, impulsive and sensual character, forgetting in the morning the decisions he had taken the day before, quickly undoing what he had accomplished, and surrounding himself with docile friends and gay companions to whom he permitted every liberty, jesting with each of them, gibing *plus quam decet*, and treating them with a misplaced familiarity. Possessed of Herculean strength, he would take part in the games of his soldiers; given to trusting people too unreservedly, he was easily taken in by the numerous intriguers, male and female, around him, mingling personal favors with the most questionable acts, often subordinating political interests to the caprices of his whimsical temperament, and allowing the growth of indiscipline, and even insubordination, which he checked only in an indolent fashion.<sup>3</sup> Instead of devoting himself to the preparation of his projected campaign he recommenced the follies he had committed no less at Rome than when he had ridden through the cities of Italy in his chariot drawn by tame lions, followed not only by the litter of his wife, Fulvia, but also by actresses and courtesans, or perhaps even, according to Cicero, something worse. Accompanied by a band of clowns, dancers and musicians, whom he paid liberally, he began a tour of Phrygia, Galatia and Cappadocia, taking from sovereigns their wives and concubines when they were beautiful,<sup>4</sup> and enjoying being hailed as Hercules and Dionysus, whom his physique and great stature somewhat recalled. Ar-

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riving, finally, at Tarsus, in Cilicia, he set up his camp with the intention of forming his army.

In Egypt Cleopatra now reigned alone. Most of the ancient authors declare that Antony, displeased with the Queen of Egypt because she had favored Brutus and Cassius and had furnished them with help, had imperatively ordered her to appear at Tarsus to justify herself. But nothing is less plausible.

It is very unlikely that Cleopatra had taken the part of the murderers of Cæsarion's father, when at that very moment she was employing the diminutive Dolabella, the third husband of Tullia, Cicero's daughter, as intermediary between herself and the Cæsarean party with the object of securing recognition for Cæsarion as the son of Cæsar. It was not at all in her own interest, with which she always showed herself so much concerned. Cassius and Brutus seemed to be without a future. At that moment there was only one man who stood out from the others, who was capable of continuing the work of Cæsar and of one day dominating the Roman world—Antony.

If he had, indeed, always shown himself a statesman of doubtful sincerity, without political genius, rather ponderous, sensual, debauched, violent, cruel, addicted to every form of excess, lacking distinction of manner and nobility of spirit, changeable, and so inconsistent that all his most important actions were unfruitful, Antony was not, however, without ability, character, activity of mind or intelligence; he quickly understood things and rapidly came to a decision, which, it is true, he would soon abandon. In any case, this excellent soldier, a man of

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impetuous and violent bravery, was the only military chief Rome still had. At that moment he was the army personified.

Octavius, on the contrary, seemed but ill-equipped to battle with the storms of life.<sup>5</sup> From his earliest years he had been of a sickly constitution. His mother and grandmother had lavished on the weak and nervous lad the most careful attention. At thirteen he had shown himself a little prodigy in his studies, for he had a precocious intellect, and very soon developed into a thoughtful and studious young man. He scarcely ever left his books and masters; but he was especially careful of his health, although he was as cynical and debauched as Antony. Chance alone had unexpectedly thrown him into a revolution. Impressionable, by no means prepared for the rôle he was to play, he showed strange inconsistencies of character. In his calmer hours, under the influence of Octavia, the younger of his two sisters, of whom he was particularly fond, he was weak to the point of cowardliness; in moments of agitation, on the contrary, when he was afraid he was coldly cruel to the point of ferocity.<sup>6</sup> And he was often afraid.

Antony seemed to Cleopatra indubitably to be the master of the future appointed by destiny. Cæsar being no more, it was with him that she must link her fate, that of her throne and above all that of her son. She remembered to have seen him in Alexandria when she was a child, then to have met him at Rome. But she had paid little attention to him.

Upon arriving at Tarsus Antony had dispatched to the

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Queen of Egypt the most cunning of his confidants, Dellius, whom Messala called "the weathercock of the civil wars," to ask her coöperation in the war he was to conduct against the Parthians. Antony also remembered to have seen her in her early youth at Tyre, when she had gone with her father, Auletes, to Gabinius's camp, and again in Alexandria in 699 (55 B. C.) when he commanded the cavalry of Pompey's lieutenant. Already he had experienced "a certain stimulation of attention" at the sight of the young girl, adorned with the precocious charms of her fourteen summers,<sup>7</sup> and he was not ignorant of the fact that Cæsar had almost become young again in the company of that charmer.

Cleopatra easily learned from Antony's envoy what manner of man was his master and how accessible he was to pleasures and voluptuousness. But was it not reported that this soldier who had grown up in camps was headstrong, violent and unpolished? More completely than Cæsar, he belonged to that military race which was as despised in Egypt as it was honored beyond all measure in other lands. Dellius, according to Plutarch, reassured her: "Antony, he declared, would never wish to do the least harm to so charming a person; her beauty left her nothing to fear. He was the kindest and most humane of all the Roman generals, and she would certainly enjoy the highest authority and influence; she would be like Hera who, by displaying her charms, had converted the wrath of Zeus into love."

Cleopatra was not in any need of a plan or of having Homer quoted to her. She had made up her mind to go



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to Antony at Tarsus, for she felt the necessity to consolidate her power, which had been considerably shaken by the suspicious death of her brother in Rome. And then, this Roman was reputed to "have been truly handsome in his youth."<sup>8</sup> And even now, at forty-five, built like a Hercules—which would provide her with a change from Cæsar—he had a dignified countenance, framed by a splendid beard, and a fine head of curly hair, a wide forehead, an aquiline nose, and a manly air which gave him the appearance of a person of noble birth; further, he was very careful, if not elegant, in his dress.<sup>9</sup> From all this she could expect something out of the ordinary. Cleopatra was a woman, and as such—or at least like most of her kind—was keenly alive to physical advantages and elegance of attire, and very willing to experience new sensations. Other considerations are of interest only to a few beings in love with the ideal and a few simple natures, for in the affairs of love qualities of mind and intelligence play but an unimportant rôle.

Cleopatra had perfect confidence in the power of her charms, thanks to all the tests they had undergone, and with all the more reason since the other men had known her only as a young girl with no experience of the world. Now she was to appear before this Roman at an age when an Eastern woman of Cleopatra's intelligence united with the bloom of her beauty intellectual power and the judgment necessary for handling the greatest affairs.

By following the coasts of Palestine, Phœnicia and Syria it was quite easy to reach Antioch, and then Cilicia,

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of which Tarsus, on the Cydnus,<sup>10</sup> was the capital. After the death of Alexander, Cilicia had for a long time belonged to the Ptolemies; but, reduced by Pompey to a Roman province, it had sided with Cæsar, thereby winning for Tarsus the name of Juliopolis. But after the Dictator's death, Cassius, having laid siege to that city, carried it by storm and gave it up to plunder. In honor of Cæsar, Antony occupied himself with rebuilding the city, and restored its privileges.

Having accumulated a supply of very rich presents, large sums of money and, in particular, magnificent raiment and ornaments, as befitted and magnificence of her station and the wealth and splendor of her empire, Cleopatra set out upon her journey. On the road she received several messages from Antony and his friends urging her to hasten her progress. She did still better—she saw to it that she was awaited and desired.

Arriving at the mouth of the Cydnus, where her royal galley, with its gilded poop, silver oars and purple sails, awaited her, she left the vessel which had brought her thus far and which was too big to go up the shallow river.

The historians of antiquity seem to have taken a delight in giving a magnificent description of the arrival of Cleopatra, which took place toward the end of the autumn of 41 B. C. (613 of Rome).

Clothed only as Venus Anadyomene rising from the waves, or as Phryne was seen by Apelles, the Queen, magnificently adorned, reclined beneath an awning of cloth of

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gold. Little children, resembling the Cupids of the painters, stood on each side and fanned her, and her maidens, clad as nymphs or graces—for the men had been sent away—took charge of the helm, the ropes and the oars; and whilst the silver oars dipped rhythmically into the waves, other Nereids sang to the accompaniment of flutes, pipes and lyres.

The banks of the river, which were covered by a throng that came running from all directions as she proceeded on her way, were scented with incense and *Kyphi*, the wonderful perfume compounded according to the sacred books of sixteen ingredients,<sup>11</sup> which were being burned in bronze bowls on her galley and the boats of her suite. As soon as it was known at Tarsus that the Queen of Egypt was arriving, everyone left the public place, where Antony was dispensing justice, and rushed to meet her, leaving Antony alone on the tribunal. "Venus has come to Dionysus, for the salvation of Asia!" cried the army.

No sooner had Cleopatra landed than Antony sent inviting her to supper in his palace. On the pretext that she was fatigued by the long journey, the Queen asked him to visit her instead, and Antony, in order to show her how polite and agreeable he could be, accepted the invitation.

Beneath the canopy of the royal galley he found that preparations of Eastern magnificence had been made. What surprised him most of all was the multitude of lights in the room and the sumptuousness of the table: torches were suspended everywhere and set up on all sides, skillfully arranged in varied and symmetrical forms. The table was loaded with victuals, *shais*,<sup>12</sup> and

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mounted pieces, fruit, gold and silver cups, translucent obelisk-shaped vases of purple and white, containing the finest wines of the islands and the Asiatic coasts, the whole surmounted by a profusion of flowers. At the court of Egypt the fondness for flowers had always been conspicuous; often they had been the only article of clothing of priestesses and even princesses. The repast was also served with unprecedented luxury.

Of all the banquets at which he had been present Antony had seen none which excelled this, and no more charming spectacle. The sight of the young Queen worked like a charm upon him.

Cleopatra was half naked. Her hennaed body had a bister, slightly golden hue; her eyelids, tinged with green and fringed with long lashes, made her eyes appear larger. Not only were her cheeks, as round as the sides of a murrhine vase, skillfully painted with white and red, and her voluptuously moulded lips set off with carmine, but the veins of her forehead, which was smooth and low, as the standards of Greek beauty dictated, were penciled with blue, and a luxuriant dark blue peruke hid her hair.

Antony looked at her with ecstasy. He saw her once more as she had existed in the ineffaceable memory he carried of her, just as he had seen her at Alexandria, and again at greater length at Rome, when she had seemed hopelessly beyond his reach. He gazed once more upon her mysterious smile, full of sweetness, tenderness and charm—and perhaps also sadness—that puckered her mouth into a delightful pout. He admired her fine, slender nose, with its delicate arch; the shapeliness of her lovely breasts, *retroussé* like the point of a little

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baboosh<sup>13</sup>; the slenderness of her waist; the symmetrical contour of her hips; the roundness of her thighs; the delicate line of her legs with their slim ankles; the smallness of her slender hands and the elegance of the straight feet terminating in nails as bright as agate. In short, while her beauty was not absolutely complete, she possessed all womanly perfections.

Young slaves had distributed to the guests convivial crowns, made of all kinds of flowers, particularly roses. Antony's, like the Queen's, was a crown of gold enriched with precious stones.

In the midst of the repast, Cleopatra saluted her august guest, according to the custom of Egypt, by presenting for him to finish a goblet of the wine called "Star of Horus" which she had first raised to her lips. Antony responded by offering, in the Roman style, the "libation of the garlands." The cup the Queen had offered was filled up again, this time with golden Syrian wine, and passed from hand to hand, each guest plucking off a flower from his crown, at the same time pronouncing a prayer for good health and happiness and sipping from the cup.<sup>14</sup> After which, dancing girls, who executed lascivious dances, and singers of love songs were called.

The next day Antony in turn received the Queen. He strove to outdo her in magnificence and particularly in elaborateness of display, but came far from succeeding and was the first to admit that his entertainment could not rival the splendour and refinement of the banquet of the previous night. He himself ridiculed his presump-

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tion, but without the deftness that Cæsar would have employed. He especially lacked Cæsar's remarkable gaze, which compelled and dominated, and his conversation was that of a soldier—and an unpolished soldier at that.

Cleopatra seemed to him quite another woman from the Queen of the night before. Clad in a different style, she wore only her own hair, which, kept in place by a score of golden pins, fashioned like flowers, was so luxuriant as to seem artificial. A robe of transparent gauze was fastened beneath her breasts, leaving the shoulders, chest and arms naked, and clung to her svelte and supple body. Around her neck was suspended a large pectoral composed of several rows of enamel, little golden balls, carnelian beads, and golden lizards and fish. This necklace covered part of her chest, which was visible through the texture of her *calasiris*<sup>15</sup>; triple bracelets of beads of lapis lazuli, streaked at intervals by rows of golden balls, encircled her delicate wrists; her feet were enclosed in slippers of white leather, worked with designs in gold.

With that versatility of wit which she possessed in an incomparable degree she dropped into Antony's free and easy manner of speech, thus saving the triumvir from embarrassment before the guests. Intoxicated, enraptured, over head and ears in love, like Cæsar he had yielded to the charm of the enchantress: she obtained his promise to help her to strengthen her power on the throne of the Ptolemies and to spend the following winter in Alexandria.<sup>16</sup>

The Roman was conquered.

As for her, she did not leave Asia Minor without hav-

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ing secured the destruction of Arsinoë. The latter had, nevertheless, been far from troublesome in her religious retreat at Ephesus, and Cleopatra had in earlier days saved her life in Rome. But that sister was still in all the bloom of youth, and had not lived Cleopatra's life of love intrigues. The Queen thought it best that Antony should not take it into his head to see her.

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**A**NTONY did not break the promise he had made. He had not even waited for the coming of winter to rejoin at Alexandria the magnificent descendant of the Ptolemies.

"A colossal child," according to Renan, "capable of conquering the world, but incapable of resisting a pleasure," he hastily dispatched the affairs of Cilicia, neglected Palmyra, where a rebellion had broken out, gave no heed to Phœnicia, and hurried on to Tyre. There his fleet was waiting to take him to Egypt, and there he refused to listen to the complaints of the Jews against Herod, and, as some declare, cut off their heads—they at any rate would bother him no more. What, indeed, did Asia Minor matter to him, or Rome, or Fulvia, his wife, whom he had left in Italy where in his interest she was struggling with Octavius for ascendancy, or even the Parthians, who, under the leadership of Labienus, formerly Cæsar's lieutenant in Gaul, but now a turncoat to the barbarians, had already invaded Mesopotamia and were preparing to march into Syria!

Without his legions, eagles or fasces he sped on his way. He was not the conqueror of a kingdom, moving quickly along, but an amorous giant who went to pay homage to a woman.

Whilst Cleopatra remained complete mistress of herself, this new love stirred in Antony a consuming passion

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such as he had never before known. "It was so great," says Plutarch, "that it extinguished the last sparks of honesty and virtue which remained in him and which might have been his salvation." In the arms of a woman he squandered what Antiphon, the master of Thucydides, called "the most costly of all things, time."

Cleopatra lost no time in repeating to him the offer she had probably made to Cæsar four years before. Did he wish by marrying her to become King of Egypt? That proposal concealed a highly ingenious political project; by this marriage she wished to save Egypt from the common fate of the other Mediterranean peoples. Up to that time the last Ptolemies had only succeeded in preserving their kingdom from the Roman domination by buying its liberty with gold from the various parties who succeeded to power at Rome; but the wealth of Egypt was too great and the treasure of the Lagidæ in the possession of Cleopatra—the only great store of precious metals which Rome had not yet plundered—too tempting not to arouse the cupidity of a ruined Italy.

"From the economic and intellectual point of view Egypt was the only self-contained country of the ancient world; her agriculture was flourishing, her industry prosperous, her commerce widespread, her schools famous and her artistic life vigorous. From her fields, which were very fertile and admirably cultivated, was gathered nearly all the flax from which were woven the sails that were unfurled upon the Mediterranean; the country produced more grain than was required to feed her very dense population and could export the surplus. Egyptian manufactures were in the front rank of the productions

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of the Mediterranean world; the numerous and clever artisans of Alexandria manufactured in their homes the most delicate fabrics, perfumes, glassware, papyri and numerous other articles which were then exported by rich merchants to all countries. Egypt was the country of luxury and elegance; it sent out everywhere, even to Italy, painters, decorators, stuccoers, and models of articles of luxury. It was a famous centre of learning and attracted students from the most distant places, and even from Greece, who came to frequent the schools of medicine, astronomy and literature which were maintained at Alexandria by the royal government. Egyptian commerce was very widely spread and most lucrative; not only did the country export its own manufactured products in exchange for the precious metals which it thus accumulated, but it also intercepted the greater part of the commerce with the Far East, with India and the fabled country of the Seres.”<sup>1</sup>

Only Persia could be considered as rich, but not as complete, a prey. But Persia was protected by the Parthians, who until then had proved invincible, while Egypt was too weak and too disorganized to be able to resist the Roman armies for long. On this point Egypt could cherish no illusions.

The political and social condition of the country was, indeed, critical. Unbounded selfishness and complete indifference stifled all sense of social and national solidarity among the members of all classes of society, from the working people, who were cosmopolitan and turbulent; the opulent merchants; the cultivators of the great estates and royal domains; the free farmers, and the large

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and corrupt bureaucracy to the rich landowners, who had allowed the eunuchs, freedmen and foreigners to fill the professions and the chief offices of state, and the priestly caste. The court, extravagant and insatiable, possessing no army but a body of mercenaries and fugitive slaves from neighboring countries, had constantly been disturbed by intrigues, crimes and palace revolutions engineered by fractions with considerable ingenuity and villainy. This decaying realm was thus at once torpid and in a state of agitation.<sup>2</sup>

Cleopatra's female government had numerous opponents, especially in the upper class. Yet under that government Egypt, in spite of the plague and famine which one year desolated the country, enjoyed a period of peace and order, and was even for a time flourishing. Cleopatra had almost succeeded in bringing about a real state of order both at the court and throughout the country. In any case, she showed herself equal to the situation, which did not prevent Dion<sup>3</sup>—but how severe, not to say unjust, were the ancient authors in their treatment of her!—from asserting that that hostility was due to her intrigues with the detested Romans, her insatiable greed, her capricious cruelty, and the rule of her favorites—lovers of a night. However that may be, only an alliance with Rome could save her, and Egypt with her. The most satisfactory alliance would have been marriage with Cæsar. That plan having come to grief, she tried to realize a similar one with Antony, pointing out to him the possibility of forming a vast Asiatic empire of which he would be the absolute master. For the execution of this project he would have at his disposal the fleet of

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Egypt, which was still considered the finest in the world,<sup>4</sup> and particularly the fortune of the Lagidæ. All he had to do was to become the husband of the Queen.

Thus, when Antony became King of Egypt and the government, under such a leader, had Roman legions at its disposal, the independence of Egypt and of Cleopatra's throne would be secure from every danger. The consummation of the plan called for considerable cleverness and unusual powers of seduction. But Cleopatra was a woman, and had no fears for her success.

What, then, was that magical charm which no man could resist? It did not reside only in her voice, which, according to Plutarch, "was like an instrument of several strings, from which she produced at will all sorts of sounds and languages." It is true that whereas the Ptolemies that had reigned before her had scarcely been able to master the Egyptian language and had even forgotten the Macedonian, although it was their mother tongue, Cleopatra knew nearly all the dialects of the barbarous nations, and could converse in their own languages without the aid of an interpreter with, among others, the Ethiopians, Hebrews, Arabs, Syrians, Medes, Parthians and even the Troglodytes—a race of serpent eaters who lived in caves in southern Egypt on the shores of the Arabian Gulf. But it was not her gifts as a polyglot which captivated Cæsar and Antony.

In comparison with Cleopatra, Plato shows himself ignorant indeed when in his *Gorgias* he finds only four kinds of seduction, two pertaining to the mind, the nomothetic and the dicastic, and two pertaining to the body,

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the gymnastic and the iatric. Cleopatra was familiar with many others of which the philosopher must have known nothing.

First, she undertook the education of Antony, which, although he belonged to a patrician family as rich as it was distinguished, until then had been strangely neglected. His father, a drunkard and notorious debauchee, had, it is true, killed himself by his excesses, leaving neither fortune nor reputation. His mother's second husband, Cornelius Lentulus, surnamed Sura, was convicted of complicity with Catiline and had perished in the Tullianum of the Mamertine Prison.<sup>5</sup> Courageous to the point of rashness, generous, with a heart of gold, eminently honest and sincere, according to none other than Cicero, endowed with a remarkable physical beauty which led the sculptors to use his head as a model for the statues of Apollo during his voyage in Greece, and possessed of Herculean strength, Antony had been little more than a child when he plunged into the worst of Roman society, and formed a friendship with the two greatest debauchees of the time—Curio and Clodius. At twenty-seven he possessed nothing, held no public office and had no income,<sup>6</sup> which did not prevent him from always being cheerful and living in luxurious style.

But everything has an end. He was so much harassed by his creditors and the usurers that he was obliged to withdraw to Athens under the pretext of finishing his studies, which apparently very much needed it. However, he was not cut out for the life of a student, and the following year, when he was twenty-eight, he was in

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Gabinus's camp in Syria. And that was the life he was destined to lead thenceforth.

In Alexandria, where the most refined pleasures, the most elegant sensuality and also, it is true, the lowest forms of debauchery existed side by side, Antony threw off little by little the coarseness characteristic of the Romans. He was now to be seen wearing a Greek cloak and white slippers; he frequented the gymnasia and attended the lectures of the philosophers.<sup>7</sup> In serious things, as in the games and entertainments, Cleopatra would invent some new voluptuous pleasure or recreation for the amusement of this sensual and debauched Roman, never letting him go out of her sight or leaving him by day or night, and ever alert to see that he did not become bored or satiated, and to keep him in her toils.

She had conceived the idea of creating among the most debauched and richest of the Alexandrians the "Society of the Amimetobioi," or Inimitable Livers.<sup>8</sup> The members of this company spent their time in games of all kinds that were new to Antony, fishing and hunting parties, and exercises in arms, in which the Queen, always amiable and merry, would take part; wild excursions into the neighboring city of Canopus, which was famous everywhere for its orgies; banquets like the one in the course of which she made a bet that she would spend ten million sesterces (\$530,000) on a single meal, and won it by dissolving in vinegar a magnificent pearl which she took from her ear<sup>9</sup>; in short, fêtes and extravagances of every kind, in which she mingled, with consummate skill, the dignity of a queen and the freedom of a woman of the



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town. By such means as these she kept the capricious humor of the all-powerful triumvir within bounds.

It is to be regretted that the writings of Antony's friend Asinius Pollio, one of the most reliable and estimable of the Romans, and the narrative of Cleopatra's physician-in-ordinary, Olympus, are lost. They would have supplied us with valuable information on the whole of that period.

In default of these, we have from Plutarch an anecdote which was told him by his grandfather Lamprias. While the physician Philotas of Amphissa, the chief city of Locris, in Greece, was studying medicine in Alexandria, he became acquainted with one of the chief cooks of Cleopatra's palace, and was invited by him to come and see the magnificent preparations for a supper which was to be given. When he went into the kitchen the young Philotas saw eight wild boars being roasted whole, but each in a different stage of cooking, and he expressed surprise at the large number of guests that must have been invited to the supper. "A large number!" replied the cook, laughing; "why, there will only be twelve in all, but here every dish has to be served just cooked to a turn and it must always be ready. As like as not, Antony will shortly ask to eat, and a moment later forbid supper to be served because he has some other inclination. So these eight wild boars have to be cooked so as to be ready at different times, and the same is true of all the dishes. It is not one, but many suppers which must be in readiness, for we never know when he will wish to eat."

In order to hold and look after this Roman in whom

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she had placed all her hopes, Cleopatra would dress herself as an ordinary servant girl, and go out with him at night when, disguised as a servant, he would wander through the streets of Alexandria, stopping at doors and low windows to jest with those within. But they were not always lucky enough to return from these rambles without having been subjected to abusive and rough treatment.<sup>10</sup>

Plutarch also tells us of one of those jokes—rather childish, perhaps—in which the two lovers did not cease to take pleasure. During a fishing excursion in a lake into which the waters of the Nile flowed, Antony caught nothing and was very much vexed, the more so since Cleopatra was present. Taking advantage of a moment when her attention was diverted elsewhere, he ordered some of the fishermen to dive beneath the water at intervals and secretly attach to his hook several large fish that had previously been caught. The men executed his orders and each time Antony pulled in his line there was a splendid fish at the end of it. But the trick did not deceive Cleopatra. Feigning admiration for so wonderful a catch, she invited the company to go fishing again the following day.

Antony continued to practice his deception of the previous day. The Queen, however, had secretly instructed the fishermen, Antony's accomplices, to obtain a large sea fish of the kind that were brought alive from Pontus, and fix it to Antony's hook. Feeling something pulling at his line, he drew it up, and when the sea fish came to view the roars of laughter which it provoked can be imagined. Antony was somewhat abashed by the event,

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especially when the Queen gayly said to him: "General, leave the line to us of Pharos and Canopus. Your sport is the taking of cities, kingdoms, kings and even queens."

Dacier, the translator of Plutarch, adds that the irony was so subtle that even the fiery-tempered Antony could not take offense at the prank that had been played on him. How different that siren seemed to him from the other women he had known up to then—those Roman women who could be only either submissive or grossly sensual—and how far removed she seemed from his coarse soldierly love affairs. Every day he felt more deeply in love. Not that Cleopatra did not sometimes show herself in her true colors—capricious and obstinate, changeable and haughty, practical and energetic, eager for unusual sensations; but by her supreme cleverness she was able to make these faults appear charming. Perhaps they even made her all the more interesting. Then, too, to be the lover of a queen who was one of the *Lagidæ* and a descendant of Alexander the Great gratified the pride of the sensual Roman, whose intelligence was not equal to his courage or military qualities. Above all, she took care to flatter him at every moment by exhibiting for him an altogether disproportionate admiration, the extravagance of which he did not perceive.

But that was by no means the entire gamut of her art: she possessed the key to the arcana of love. From the old secret books of the East she had learned, it was said, the virtues of the precious stones and the miraculous power of emeralds, sapphires, pearls, as determined by the Cabala. The Sanskrit teachings, although jealously

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guarded by the sacred dancing-girls, had revealed to her the erotic enchantment—compounded of intoxicating love-potions, subtle perfumes, artful caresses, opportune suggestions, curiosity ever unsatisfied, and wild transports—of the Kama Sutra, at once ideal and voluptuous, spiritual and luxurious, into which one was initiated on the altars of Astarte or in the temples of Siva.

In his writings on sacred love, Vatsiayana told her: "When a woman—whether queen or courtesan—loves the man to whom she gives herself, her acts are natural. When, on the contrary, she is concerned with her own interest and ambition they are artificial; but in that case they must appear to be sincere, for the man trusts no one but the woman who seems to love him. In both cases she must always appear beautiful and amiable, exhale a perfume of lotus, flowers and ambrosia, and have the flavor of betel." To captivate thy lover," the Atharva-veda also told her, "flatter his vanity, manifest the warmest admiration for his entire person, his actions, his words, above all for his skill in the art of caressing and in causing thee to swoon. Kiss him when he is half asleep and gaze upon him with seeming uneasiness. Further, in order that his entire being shall belong to thee, make him drink a potion composed of Chaba pepper, ouchala roots, Sansevieria and Roxburghia seeds, kahiria juice and schadavanstra branches."

Cleopatra neglected none of these counsels, and in addition to them was careful to see that she was always skillfully adorned, even when she was naked, and that her breath was perfumed. She was especially attentive never to let a lover learn the secrets and intimacies of her toilet,

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or of any of the afflictions common to human nature. In this she showed considerable cleverness, and her caution only strengthened her power. Women more beautiful than Cleopatra there certainly were; but in ability to allure and dominate a man—first captivating him, then, by a spell, a charm, a magic art, holding him, and maintaining a grip nothing could tear away—none could equal her.

Entomologists declare that the female of a variety of the peacock butterfly, an insect magnificently arrayed in maroon velvet, with a collar of white fur and wings marked with eyelike spots of black surrounded by variegated colors, generates almost as soon as it is born an odorous or magnetic effluvium that is imperceptible to human organs, but which attracts a crowd of lovers, who hasten, regardless of distance or obstacles, from the limits of the horizon.

Did Cleopatra possess a similar fluid for evoking desire in those about her? In the choice of her paramours she gave free rein to her whims; but when she wished to bind a man to her political ambitions—to her love, as he believed—she would call into play all of her *ars amandi*. Had she as many capricious amours as she is credited with? However that may be, her partners in these pleasures, except for Pompey's son, had but little occasion for boasting. Toward those lovers of a night she behaved, we are told, like the insect that the Greeks called *μάντις*—our praying mantis—which, as soon as love has been satisfied, devours the male, thus making him pay with his life for the pleasure of a moment. Is it aversion or jealous

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passion that, once the male's function has been performed, prompts this action? <sup>11</sup>

Cleopatra, it is true, did not devour her infatuated partner-elect of a night; but in order to prevent him from revealing anything of that moment of sacrilegious rapture, a veritable crime of lese majesty, she generally saw to it that he disappeared, which came to the same thing. More often than not these paramours of hers knew the fate which awaited them. But is not love stronger than death?

Whilst Antony was thus engaged in leading an "inimitable life" at the court of Alexandria, two pieces of disagreeable news reached him: his brother Lucius and his wife Fulvia, to whom he had entrusted the affairs of Rome, were having the greatest difficulty with Octavius. A state of war existed between them, he was assured, and they had been obliged to flee from Italy. That quarrel of his brother and his wife with Octavius caused Antony to fall out with him also.

The other piece of news was that Labienus at the head of his Parthians had subjugated Asia from Syria and the Euphrates to Libya and Ionia, and menaced even Egypt. Antony realized that the time had come to act, and that if he remained any longer beneath Cleopatra's spell he would compromise his fortune irretrievably.

The parting was a stormy one. Antony was obliged to make solemn promises to return in a short time, and at the beginning of March, 713, he left Alexandria with a small fleet and set sail for Tyre. But before he could deliver Syria from the Parthians he was in need of con-

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siderable reinforcements, which were not forthcoming. Accordingly, resigning himself to an abandonment of Syria, he decided to make for Greece by way of Cyprus and Rhodes, and there gather together a large army.

At Ephesus he found such woeful letters from Fulvia and such pressing invitations from his friends in Rome that he left the Parthians and Egypt to their fate, and at once set out for Italy with a fleet of two hundred vessels which he had succeeded in assembling. In reality Fulvia had stirred up strife in Rome only in order to tear Antony from Cleopatra's arms and force him to return. Seeing him thus prolong his stay in Egypt, she grew uneasy, and, actuated as much by ambition as by jealousy, she entered into an agreement with Lucius to create such dissensions that the rival of Octavius would be obliged to focus his attention once more on Italy.<sup>12</sup> But she fell into her own trap.

Octavius' massacre and destruction of Perusia, in Etruria, where Lucius had taken refuge, had filled her with terror. Escorted by three thousand cavalry, she had taken ship at Brundisium with the intention of meeting Antony at Athens, whilst the latter's mother Julia had taken refuge in Sicily with Sextus Pompey, sole survivor of that illustrious family.

Octavius had never shown himself so cruel, distrustful and jealous, and delivered sentences of torture, death and crucifixion with such readiness that the people had come to call him the "Executioner." In his turn, he frequented the lowest class of society, gambled desperately and filled Rome with the scandal of his wild debauches, summoning from their houses the fair matrons who pleased him.<sup>13</sup>

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The only people who found grace in his sight were his teacher Athenodorus of Tarsus, the young Agrippa,—he was then twenty-one,—and a certain Mæcenas, at that time unknown. Possessed of all the vices of tyrants—violence, pride, lewdness and perfidiousness—Octavius filled Italy with horror. Where was the youth that Jupiter had shown to Cicero in a dream as the person destined to end the civil wars, and whom the latter called, with feeling, “the child”?<sup>14</sup> *Quantum mutatus ab illo!*

While Fulvia was sailing toward Greece, a disagreeable joker, or a messenger from Octavius, persuaded her that Antony, still vacillating, was about to rejoin Cleopatra. At that news, this woman who had treated Cicero’s dead body so odiously, and who, although so full of manly ardor that she would gird on a sword like a soldier and had always incited the naturally generous disposition of her former husband to criminal acts,<sup>15</sup> was so greatly incensed that she was obliged to stop at Sicyon in the Peloponnesus. No sooner had she landed than “she betook herself, indignantly, to the shades” (year of Rome 713).<sup>16</sup>

It is comforting to reflect that this fatal creature, whose influence over her first two husbands—Clodius and Curio—had been so pernicious, died, in her turn, of jealousy and rage.

Could there have been also on Olympus an immanent justice?





—• III •—

OCTAVIA, SISTER OF OCTAVIUS



## OCTAVIA, SISTER OF OCTAVIUS

**F**ULVIA being no more, Octavius and Antony were easily reconciled. This reconciliation was the work of common friends of theirs. The quarrels and misunderstandings which had arisen between those two successors of Cæsar were attributed to Fulvia, and by the treaty of Brundisium—concluded in the year of Rome 713—they divided the empire between them: Antony was to have all the East, and Octavius all the West, with the Ionian Sea between them for a boundary. Africa, excepting Egypt, of course, was left to Lepidus; but in point of fact the latter no longer counted, and the triumvirate was in reality nothing but a duumvirate. As for Sextus Pompey, who still remained a menace, Antony, who had up to that time supported him, abandoned him. Octavius could immediately begin war upon him; and he did not neglect to do so.

It was thought that such an agreement should be cemented by something sacramental—the marriage of Antony with the sister of Octavius.

Octavius and his sister Octavia—who was his senior by seven years—were born of the second marriage of their father Caius Octavius with Cæsar's niece, Atia.<sup>1</sup> By his first marriage with a certain Ancharia, their father had had a daughter, who seems also to have been named Octavia. The latter married Sextius Apuleius and remained in virtual obscurity.<sup>2</sup> As has been said elsewhere,<sup>3</sup> Caius Octavius the father, according to Cassius

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of Parma and even Plutarch, appears, before having become pretor and then governor of Macedonia, to have kept a money lender's shop in Rome *ad Janum medium*; he also seems to have been even a broker and election agent in the Campus Martius, while his wife Atia was a miller. "Your mother's flour," said Cassius of Parma to Octavius, "came from the foulest mill in Aricia, and the money changer of Nerulum, her husband, kneaded it with hands blackened by money."

Suetonius takes exception to such insinuations and declares, on the contrary, that the father of Octavius and Octavia from his early years possessed a substantial fortune and was highly considered; that there had been many senators in their mother's family; and that their maternal grandparents were Atius Balbus, a very near relation to the great Pompey and Julia,<sup>4</sup> Cæsar's sister, a statement which has never been disputed.

Octavius had a particular, and quite justifiable, fondness for this sister-german. Plutarch tells us, indeed, that she was a woman of accomplishments, who not only possessed perfect beauty but also much virtue, honesty, gravity, earnestness and prudence, qualities not at all common at that time in Rome, and he adds that Cleopatra was "not her superior either in beauty or youthful bloom, although the Queen of Egypt was younger than Octavia, who was then twenty-nine."

At the time of the treaty of Brundisium she had recently been left a widow by the death of Claudius Marcellus, of whom she had had a daughter, Marcella. The Roman law did not permit a widow to remarry before the expiration of ten months of mourning. Marcellus

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had not been dead ten months, and furthermore Octavia was pregnant; it was therefore necessary to obtain a decree from the Senate permitting the marriage with Antony. But it was important to cement the agreement of the two triumvirs with all speed; there was need to "hasten to put the chain around the lion's neck"; and the marriage took place in 713 of Rome (41 B. C.). Octavia was the fourth wife of that happy soldier. Very young, after several years of unbridled debauchery in the company of the Curios and Clodiuses, he had been married to Fadia, the daughter of a freedman; then to his cousin Antonia, whom he had repudiated for the rich Fulvia, also a freedman's daughter. A few weeks after her marriage, Octavia gave birth to the Marcellus to whom Virgil, in the *Æneid*, was to devote two touching verses, each of which brought him ten sestertia <sup>5</sup> from the hands of Octavia.

Italy began to breathe again, and blessed Octavia. It seems that she was able to make Antony forget the Queen of Egypt, who nevertheless had just presented the Roman with twins: Alexander Helios and Cleopatra Selene, the Sun and the Moon. Antony, it is true, had changed his style of living and given up his following of concubines and eunuchs in order to become a Latin *paterfamilias*, the husband this time of a true Roman matron, who, endowed with a sweet and kindly nature and all the feminine virtues of ancient Rome, reared her own children and spun wool. She was a striking contrast to the violent Fulvia and the magnificent Cleopatra, and seemed to substantiate the verse of Euripides: "When the soul is above the common, the countenance bears witness to it."

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Her placid charm brought Antony a restful change from the luxurious pleasures of Alexandria. And already a daughter, whom they named Antonia, was born to them.

But Cleopatra was on the watch. She had left in Rome that faithful servant of the Lagidæ, Ammonius, who in the days when she was at Cæsar's side had vexed Cicero beyond expression. That confidential freedman had a perfect knowledge of the affairs of the Republic and had valuable connections in official circles, which enabled him to send regularly to the Queen news emanating from the most reliable sources. She had also introduced into Antony's immediate circle a certain number of Egyptians who kept her informed of all that he did and contemplated, and who were instructed to work upon his mind so that he would not completely forget her and would remain favorable to their projects. Plutarch tells us that Cleopatra had even stationed near the fickle one an Egyptian soothsayer of hers who meddled with casting horoscopes and predicting the future. This worthy prophesied to Antony that the latter's star, truly already very brilliant, was nevertheless obscured by that of Octavius, and that as long as his rival was near him he would accomplish nothing great, whereas he should cover himself with glory by the conquest of Persia; and he advised him to go away without delay. Antony interpreted little daily happenings as a confirmation of what the Egyptian had told him. He could never draw lots for something with Octavius or play at dice without losing, and at cockfighting and quailfighting it was always the champions of Octavius which proved superior.

## OCTAVIA, SISTER OF OCTAVIUS

In the end, mortified by what he took to be the implacable blows of fate, and giving credence to the Egyptian's insinuations, he one day left everything in the hands of Octavius and started out for Greece with his wife, his little daughter Antonia, and the two children he had had by Fulvia, Marcus and Julius. They spent the winter of 717-718 at Athens.

Cicero and Cæsar had loved Athens as admirers of the Attic spirit. It will be recalled with what emotion Cicero, in his reveries on the Acropolis, had evoked the past of the great Hellenic city and her glorious rôle in the ancient world. "No matter where one sets foot," said he, "one calls up a memory." <sup>6</sup>

Antony was insensible to these memories. He was nevertheless very much of a philhellene, but not in the same sense as most of the cultivated Romans who greatly esteemed the Greek language and culture but had nothing but contempt for the Greeks. Antony, who was uncultured, understood nothing of Greek beauty. Of things Greek this materialistic pleasure-seeker appreciated only the unconstrained life of the country and the wines of Thasos and Chios, the malmsey that Virgil called a *novum nectar*. However, his stay in Athens was only a halt, during which he might prepare for the great war with the Parthians.

About July, 780 (40 B. C.), Sextus Pompey sent to Antony at Athens the latter's aged mother, with an escort of eminent personages who came to propose to him an alliance against Octavius. But Antony paid little attention to these propositions. He had just received news



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which interested him in quite another fashion: his lieutenant Ventidius, for the first time in the history of Rome, had defeated the Parthians in three great battles. In the last of these, which had been fought in Syria, Labienus and the two most famous chiefs of the Parthian king—Pharnapales and Pacorus, the latter the son of King Orodes—had been slain. The Parthians were compelled to retreat into Media and Mesopotamia, and Ventidius went to Rome to receive the triumph. Antony heard this news with jealous uneasiness, the more so because while these events were taking place in the East the enmity between Octavius and himself had increased.

Octavia, still desirous of allaying all ill feeling between her husband and her brother, implored Antony, although she was in an advanced state of pregnancy, to let her go to Octavius, in the conviction that she would be able to bring about a state of peace between the two rivals once more. Such was Octavius's fondness for his sister that he allowed himself to be persuaded again. Octavia's mission was entirely successful, and Antony, with three hundred vessels, went to Tarentum to meet his brother-in-law, who arrived with a large army. There the two rivals overwhelmed each other with attentions, caresses, embraces and declarations of friendship. Octavius gave Antony two legions to help him to complete the defeat of the Parthians, and Antony turned over to Octavius a hundred ships equipped with brass rams to assist in the destruction of Sextus Pompey.

The birth of a second daughter to Octavia and Antony, Antonia Minor—the elder daughter, being thenceforth

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called Antonia Major—brought that family meeting to a fitting close, and they parted with affection upon their lips, if not in their hearts.

Octavius went to Sicily to make war upon the last of Pompey's sons, whom he was to meet at Mylæ, where the latter sustained a complete naval defeat; and Antony returned to the East, taking with him Octavia and the six children whom, out of her kindness, she was bringing up—the two sons of Antony and Fulvia; the two children she had herself borne to Marcellus, a daughter, Marcella, and the little Marcellus, whom she was carrying at the time of her marriage; and the two little Antonias.<sup>7</sup>

What took place on the way no one knows. All that is known is that on arriving at Corfu, unmoved by Octavia's tears and prayers, he sent her back with the children to Italy, and then steered for Asia Minor—and Antioch.<sup>8</sup>



—• IV •—  
UP THE NILE



## UP THE NILE

**W**HEN Cleopatra learned that Antony had left Rome for Greece a great hope stirred in her. Her only disappointment was that she knew he was accompanied by Octavia. He was, then, not yet weary of that wife whom Octavius had imposed on him in order to hold him the more surely, and whose restraining sweetness and reputed virtue—which Cleopatra looked upon as simulated, as with all women—were nothing but a cloak for her true motives.

But at last he was leaving Rome, a city which had always filled her with repugnance on account of the ill will which she had met there, and of the recollection of the abominable murder of Cæsarion's father. At last he was escaping from his friends, whom she knew to be opposed to her and for whom she was nothing but Antony's concubine; above all he was freeing himself from the crafty Octavius, who wished them both nothing but evil. Despite the indifference that Antony had so far shown for his children—and, as with Hercules, children had appeared at each stage of his amours—perhaps he would have at last, if not the desire, at least the curiosity to see the ones she had given him.

And Cleopatra had sent him message after message to attract him to Egypt, pressing him the more eagerly because the Parthians had invaded Judea, and the Nabatæans were overspreading Arabia Petræa and threatened

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Egypt. Against the latter she had been obliged to dispatch a large army under the command of her general Athemon.<sup>1</sup>

Herod had even come to Alexandria to seek her aid. He was vaguely a relation of Cleopatra's, and she remembered having seen him when, in earlier days, she had visited the camp of Gabinius with her father. She accordingly received him warmly and offered him the command of her armies; as he declined, she advised him to apply direct to Antony for the help he sought.<sup>2</sup> In this way she hoped to interest and involve Antony in an undertaking which would lead him away from Octavia and bring him nearer to Egypt, for all her messages had met with no reply, and more than one messenger had paid with his life for the failure of his mission.

But as no news came, even from Herod, Cleopatra was filled with vexation, and was profoundly disappointed when she learned that Antony was returning to Italy and that, thanks to Octavia's intervention, he was rejoining his brother-in-law at Tarentum for a new reconciliation, which would certainly be at her expense. What pangs of jealousy and pain, and what mortifying anguish she must have endured at seeing her powers of seduction thus reduced to naught! Yet she had fully believed that she had definitely won by her beauty, her charms, her intelligence, her manifestations of love and her acts of kindness what so many others obtain only by violence and bloodshed.

Was there, then, no longer any hope? She knew not what to think: grief paralyzes the mind, as tears dim the eyes. In moments of despair, when one seems entirely

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forsaken and everything appears to be hostile, the least important bit of unfavorable news, the tiniest vague incident, the most involuntary allusion wrongly interpreted throws the mind into a turmoil and overwhelms it.

Sleep forsook her eyelids, and the state of her health began to give concern. Sometimes, when her energy left her, she would faint away; at other moments she was disposed to defy destiny and would pass into a condition of over-excitement, after which she would spend entire hours in seeking and contriving the means of bringing about her ultimate victory. "How many have been reduced to sickness by the power of the imagination alone!"<sup>3</sup>

Her physician Olympus was powerless to aid her. Olympus was nevertheless a clever man, of commanding manner and appearance; but he seems to have imposed upon people, for his skill in medicine was decidedly tainted with charlatanry. Although he had the opportunity of trying out his remedies upon slaves, who often suffered considerably, when they did not also die from them—for in order to judge the better of their effects they were often administered in large doses—he was unable to produce any improvement in her condition. The poor queen alternated between violent attacks of fever and spells of complete prostration. The most famous physicians of Egypt were called, but always they were unsuccessful. Then the healers, who, thanks to secret medicines, were reputed to be able to obtain miraculous results, were sent for, a proceeding which exasperated the medical fraternity.



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In Egypt the medical profession was a closed one, practiced by priests called *sousnous*, the correctors, or curers. They vowed themselves to chastity, under pain of death. For want of antiseptics they practiced a rigorous hygiene, shaving their heads and bodies several times a day. Although very much in love with their profession, they knew scarcely any curative agents but plasters and infusions of herbs. For the first, which were used to allay fever, they mixed lizard's blood and moisture from the ear of a pig with a woman's milk, the excrement of a child and the venom of a toad.<sup>4</sup> As for the herbal infusions, used for allaying internal inflammation, they were made from a liana, the heart of Bubast (saffron), the blood of Osiris and the eye of Set.<sup>5</sup> For headaches, from which Cleopatra suffered considerably, the treatment consisted of frictions with a mixture composed of a greyhound's foot, date stones and an ass's hoof stewed in oil.

For other complaints the physicians sought inspiration in the treatise then in vogue, *Art and mystery of the physician who knows the ways of the heart*. According to this treatise, one of the best of remedies was to allow the "good breezes, the delightful breezes from the north, to enter through the right ear and pass by the nose into the veins and arteries to the center of the body, the heart,<sup>6</sup> the movement of which is perpetual and which will distribute them throughout the body." Above all, it was considered important to prevent the breath of the dead from entering the left ear, for then the veins and arteries, instead of permitting life to circulate, would become over-

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heated, stopped up and hardened, and would burst, allowing the good breezes to escape with the soul.

But when Cleopatra found no reply was forthcoming from Antony she felt "the serpent of weariness winding about her heart," and the bronze bull-shaped water-clock, weighted with mercury, announced the passage of the hours endlessly.<sup>7</sup>

It was therefore decided to consult the sacred writings—the *Embra* and the *Book of the cure of sicknesses*, written in ancient characters. The authors of the first were Thoth and Himopton, who, before their ascension into the skies, had placed their treatise in a temple so that it might serve to alleviate the sick. Out of their goodness of heart these beneficent gods had even returned to earth for a time to impart to suffering humanity the most sacred of remedies, the enema. The sacred writings contain an echo of that memorable event. One day, Thoth or Himopton—in any case, the god of medicine and science—transformed into an ibis, went to bathe in the Nile. Some physicians were passing the spot, and saw him insert his beak filled with water into the hinder part of his body, thereby initiating mankind in the benefits which may result from water taken in this fashion.<sup>8</sup> As for the *Book of the cure of sicknesses*, it had been shut up in a box at the feet of Anubis, in the temple of Letopolis, in the time of Ousophais, of the IIInd Dynasty.<sup>9</sup> But the sacred writings were no more successful than the doctors in delivering the Queen from her cruel malady. She now refused all food and pined away.

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Then, as a last resort, the celebrated Asclepiades, who had attended Cicero after the death of his beloved Tullia for a malady of a similar character, was brought from Italy. No one is a prophet in his own country. At Rome people had confidence only in Egyptian physicians; at Alexandria people had no hope but in the Roman curers. But although it had been necessary to load Asclepiades with gold before he would consent to cross the sea, he was no more successful than his colleagues.<sup>10</sup>

The Egyptian practitioners were more reasonable as regards their fees. Following a very ancient custom, they had quite a different system of calculation. According to the Ebers papyrus, the medical papyrus of Berlin, "every Egyptian physician shaved his head with scrupulous care. Then, after a cure, the hair that had grown during the period of the sickness was carefully cut off and weighed. The weight of the hair determined the size of the bill to be paid, a part of which was appropriated to the upkeep of the temple in which the priest-physician had received his instruction." The inconvenience of such a method, while it spurred the patient to get well quickly, was that the physician might be prompted to prolong the illness.

In addition to her violent headaches Cleopatra now complained of pains in the abdomen. The Egyptian physicians once more became hopeful, for in this kind of treatment they excelled, and the gynecologists of Egypt were famous all over the world. The gynecological papyrus of Petrie and the Ebers papyrus supply abundant information as to the talents of the specialists in women's diseases. These diseases were indeed very common, be-

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cause of the precocious and frequent maternity of Egyptian women, who often were mothers at the age of eleven and never produced fewer than ten children. In reality, the internal treatments and remedies scarcely differed from those employed by medical science at the present time. But when an operation was necessary these quacks were very inferior and were completely ignorant of human anatomy. This is the more astonishing when one reflects that in every city every day hundreds of bodies were opened preparatory to mummifying them. But the doctors were not allowed to be present at mummifications, which were conducted exclusively by the priests known as Paraschists, who were, incidentally, the object of general detestation.

The art in which the Egyptian surgeons excelled was that of facial restoration. In the case of some mummies which have been discovered it has been proved that the ears were affixed during the lives of the persons. In Egypt removal of the ears and the nose was a common punishment, and one can readily understand the victim's desire to eliminate the evidence of his past offenses. Perfectly made appliances for use in fractures and numerous instruments resembling those employed by modern surgery have also been brought to light.<sup>11</sup>

The Egyptians, moreover, were considered to be, after the Libyans, the healthiest of men.<sup>12</sup> It is true that in the child life of the country a process of rigorous selection went on. Indifferently cared for, left to themselves for entire days, many children died at an early age. Those who had any weak points in their constitutions succumbed; but the survivors were vigorous, in general enjoyed

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health that was proof against most ailments, and were of robust, sturdy physique. Ophthalmia was the only malady they had to dread.<sup>13</sup> The streets were full of the one-eyed and the blind, with red and purulent eyelids.

In face of the powerlessness of what the adepts called medical science, nothing succeeded in overcoming the languishing melancholy of the invalid—not even the voice of her beloved Charmian. It was in vain that the latter sang for her with infinite sweetness her favorite melodies, to the accompaniment of the nine-stringed harp, with its rounded, richly colored frame, adorned at its upper extremity by a head of Hathor,<sup>14</sup> such as is to be seen in the paintings of the royal hypogea. In vain did Iras play for her upon the mandore—an instrument with an inordinately long neck and three strings ornamented at their ends by colored tufts—the hymn of love to the unknown or the lamentations upon the inclemency of the gods and the cruelty of fate. “Oh! I am very sad and very unhappy,” was all the luckless Queen would say. “Charmian, thy singing enervates me, turns my head like a perfume that is too strong. The strings of thy harp seem to be entwined with the fibers of my heart and awaken a melancholy echo in my breast; my heart weeps at the sound of thy music! What matters it what one possesses if one lacks the only thing one desires! An unsatisfied desire makes a queen in her gilded and brightly painted palace as poor as the most miserable slave working his frail papyrus boat on the Nile beneath the heat of the noonday sun!”

## UP THE NILE

However, when with the coming of spring some of her strength returned, one of the priests of Amon who was counselor to the throne suggested to the Queen that she should go to Thebes to beg the supreme god to lend her his aid and heal her. Cleopatra decided to undertake the journey, which would at any rate be a diversion. The ministers hastily prepared the royal flotilla which was to go up the Nile, carrying the Queen to the temple of Amon-Ra at Thebes. The Queen boarded the royal dahabeah, with its purple sail and silver oars; the reflections of the blue, yellow and red paintwork of the hull spread a note of gaiety over the muddy waters; and the pilot, perched at the top of the mast in a lookout fashioned like a great lotus flower, like that shown in a painting at Thebes, gave the order for the departure.

Lying in a richly ornamented *naos* and lulled by the sound of flutes and lyres and the noise of the oars, Cleopatra fell into a fit of reverie. As the rhythmic movements of the rowers kept time with the overseer, who beat the palms of his hands together, the banks of the Nile filed by in monotonous procession, bordered, on the right, by the Libyan Plain, rugged and desolate, and on the left by the Arabian Plain, rather more pleasant and more remote. Between the river and the horizon of the mountains, brought nearer by the transparency of the air and tinged with rose by the sun's rays, stretched the plains, dotted with gray farm-houses which were so old and patched up beneath their roofs of dried grass and reeds that they seemed as though they were about to fall in; nevertheless they defied the centuries.

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On the banks, where fellahs ran about, asses trotted along, goats moved slowly forward and a herd of lean cattle grazed in the custody of a black slave, at the sight of the royal vessel the animals would stop, and the people kneel in the dust and kiss the ground.

First the royal vessel arrived at Memphis, still the largest city of the realm after the capital, although it had declined since the foundation of Alexandria. There the bull Apis was worshipped; but bullfights also were held in the city. Further on arose the Pyramids—those heaps which are so imposing but so ugly when viewed at close quarters—at least, on account of their deterioration, so they are to-day.<sup>15</sup>

During the days that followed, the royal traveler passed through Hermopolis Magna, where the moon was reputed to have made its first appearance after the formation of the universe; Akhetaton, the “city of the horizon of Aton,” which became Tel-el-Amarna, Egypt’s capital under Amenhotep IV, the schismatic king who was as deeply in love with Aton, the sun god, as with his young wife Neferteyte; Lycopolis (Asyut), dedicated to Anubis, the jackal-headed god; then, at some little distance from the river, the sacred city of Abydos, the sanctuary of Osiris, and its famous temple; finally, Tintyris (Dendera) and Coptus, which was to rise against the Romans and be so cruelly punished.<sup>16</sup>

At length, after many days there came into view upon the two banks of the river a forest of pylons, pediments, obelisks and buildings, whose dazzling whiteness was outlined against the sky. With Karnak, the city of Amon, and Luxor on the left bank, and Azamout, Ta-Tebuit and

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Kurna, with the colossi of Amon, on the right, arose hundred-gated Thebes. But ever since Cambyzes had despoiled its temples of the riches that had been accumulated there through the centuries, and in a fit of rage had killed the bull Apis, and since Ptolemy X (Lathyrus), exasperated by the three-year siege he had been obliged to undertake in order to put down a revolt of the priests, had in 84 B. C. given it up to plunder and partly razed it, Thebes was no longer the city of which Homer had sung, "whose buildings were so full of riches, and whose hundred gates could open and each send out two hundred soldiers with their horses and chariots." <sup>17</sup> It was now nothing but a sacred city in a state of complete decadence.

The royal galley, whose approach caused the vultures and a few ibises perched upon the entablature of the temple to take wing, uttering shrill cries, came to rest at the foot of the stupendous colonnade of Amon. The gigantic pillars, covered with hieroglyphics, and the straight lines of the structure, characteristic of Egyptian architecture, were mirrored in the river.

The Queen, blinded by the dazzling light, was received by the priests, clothed in white, each with a leopard skin over the left shoulder. They greeted her in the Egyptian style, with the right arm a little outstretched and the left hand placed on the right shoulder. Cleopatra passed through the main door—*the very great*—and, entering the immense hypostyle hall <sup>18</sup> with its hundred and thirty-four enormous columns, was welcomed by music of a strange sweetness. In the heavy heat there floated up to the stone ceiling a song full of melancholy voluptuous-

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ness and a languor impregnated with all the secret yearnings of the soul.

Passing through the *pronaos*, dwelling of the sacred serpents, whose bite could resolve many a situation to a nicety, the Queen went alone into the *naos*, the chamber of mystery, the triple holy of holies—little, narrow and dark, illuminated only by a shaft of light thrown by a slit in the upper part of the narrow cell and clouded by the fumes of incense.

It was there that, in earlier days, when she was still practically a child, carefree, trusting and full of curiosity about the initiation to which she offered herself, she had come once before. What a host of memories were still evoked by those places that she had visited with Cæsar, and then Antony, as the triumphant mistress of a Roman.

To-day she was sad, as sad as the "heartless," those unfortunate creatures whom the gods condemn to go about without their hearts, which have left their tabernacles and been seized by the scarab. Alone in the presence of Amon she was oppressed. She felt that to-day the god repulsed her. Was he, then, interested only in taking advantage of innocent virgins, whom the lasciviousness of the priests immolated in the name of religion and under the pretext of initiation? The sacrifice which that chamber of mystery recalled to her had filled Cleopatra with resentment and disgust.

It was not that her modesty had been outraged; her childhood had not prepared her for any such feeling. Moreover, modesty did not exist in the ancient world, still less so in the East. That delicate sensibility which distinguishes man from the animals, which makes him

## UP THE NILE

ashamed to expose certain parts of the body, perform certain acts in the presence of others and even utter certain words which recall those acts, was to be conceived by Christianity. The ancients were only familiar with chastity, the conventional barrier that was placed around the first beginnings and the maturity of so formidable passion as sexual love. By keeping certain acts out of sight and preventing them from becoming an example or being discussed, pagan society sought to guard its members as much as possible against the imprudence and facility of unions that were premature, abnormal or prejudicial to the generation and conservation of the species.

The ancients, who nevertheless took pleasure in deifying everything, had no goddess of modesty, under whatsoever name. Only chastity had a temple at Rome,<sup>19</sup> and that was very small—a *sacellum*, as Livy calls it—and almost hidden at the bottom of the Forum Boarium, in the part backed by the Palatine and the Circus Maximus. Who built it no one knows—perhaps some patrician women who realized that, as Lucretius says, what a woman hides is still more valuable than what she shows.<sup>20</sup>

What had revolted the neophyte at that time was the bestiality of the initiator. To-day she was uneasy because Amon had failed to discover the thing that was torturing her: it was not so much the loss of her lover as the thought of her ruined ambitions and her son left without a protector. If the god had understood her he would have given her some consolation, some inspiration as to what she should do.

So she came out of the temple like a person set free,

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and heretically saluted the golden disk of the sun with the cry: "Glory to thee, living Aton, who dost rejoice in a mountain of light!"<sup>21</sup> She was delighted to see the blue sky again, the sky so beloved by Egyptians that they made its color sacred. But once more she became uneasy. Was she not again in the presence of Amon, the "blue god," the god of azure! All these emotions had exhausted her, for she was still very weak.

When she came to herself the sun was disappearing into the Nile, darting its last ray that was green like the divine Osiris. The sky was no longer blue. The green god, the just and good god, came to replace Amon and liberate her.

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OSIRIS OF THE GREEN MASK



## OSIRIS OF THE GREEN MASK

**O**N HER way back from Thebes, Cleopatra thought she would stop at Abydos, the city of Osiris. Without doubt he would understand her better, and she went to his temple to pray to him. Osiris formed with Amon and Isis the great Egyptian trinity, of which Amon was the quickening god, Osiris the beneficent god and Isis the compassionate and charitable goddess.

The story of Osiris is a beautiful one. Plutarch admitted that the legend, surrounded by fables and allegories, was based "on veritable facts and occurrences, and revealed dim vestiges of truth." The priests knew the details of the existence of Osiris, but would not willingly reveal them.

When Osiris, the son of the god Seb (or of Amon) and the goddess Nut (emblem of celestial space), came among men, doubtless sent by Amon-Ra they had been abandoned to themselves. Ra, creator of the world, of whom the Egyptians had made Amon-Ra, and his descendants Shu and Seb, had already ruled mankind; but, discouraged by the ingratitude of men, they had withdrawn to the sky and forsaken them. Osiris, impatiently awaited, then came among them. He married his sister Isis, and together they educated humanity, showing men the edible plants, teaching them how to cut wheat, make flour into dough, press grapes, make a fermented drink

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from barley,<sup>1</sup> work gold and bronze, and getting them to give up cannibalism. Osiris also initiated them into social and intellectual life, gave them a capital, Thebes, where the worship of Amon-Ra was established, and, aided by Thoth, revealed to them the signs of language and of writing. He even taught them to read the starry sky.

Unfortunately, his brother, the wicked and violent Set-Typhon, the spirit of evil, lived near him. By treachery, Set shut his brother Osiris up in a chest and threw it into the Nile. The body was brought back to Egypt, but Set took possession of it and cut it up into fourteen pieces, which he scattered. Isis, desolate, succeeded after considerable search in finding all the fragments of the body but one—the phallus—which had been eaten by the *narou* (duckbill). When his body had been reassembled Osiris was able to return to a new and immortal life, but, mortified by his loss, he immediately ascended to the heavens, where Isis, their son Horus and the good went to join him after their death. Thenceforth, all were worshiped by grateful mankind.

Osiris was represented in human form, with a green mask, the color of the last ray of the sun as it disappeared into the Nile. His face, lengthened by a false pointed beard and a tall white miter, shone with a quiet beauty. His body was draped in a long garment, and his hands, crossed upon the chest, clasped an ox driver's whip and a shepherd's crook.

If Amon-Ra was greater, as creator of the world, Osiris was certainly the chief of mankind, the regent of eternity, a god nearer to man. The beloved son of Osiris

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and Isis, Horus, aided by Thoth and Anubis, their intimate confidants, succeeded in vanquishing Set. Good had triumphed over Evil.

Osiris and Isis formed a contrast to the procession of the animal divinities of Egypt, in which the hawk was Horus; the goose, Seb and even Amon-Ra before he had taken human form; the crocodile, Sebak; the bull, Hapi or Apis; the hippopotamus, Ririt; the pair of lions, Shu and Tefnut; the vulture and the asp, the goddesses of the South and the North; and to those other divinities who bear an animal's head on a human body, like Thoth, with his thin neck and long ibis bill; Khnum, with a ram's head; Sechet, with her terrifying lioness's head; or Bast, the cat-headed goddess, with her erect ears and piercing eyes—in short, the entire theogony, upon which Juvenal vented so much sarcasm.

Osiris was the good being, the son, the beloved victim, who in the sky was the judge of souls, for he was above all the just god. A demotic papyrus (*i. e.*, one written in popular characters) of about the time of Cleopatra tells of a child who, descending into the lower regions with his father, meets two funerals, one that of a rich man, sumptuously shrouded in fine linen, the other that of a poor wretch rolled in a filthy mat whom no one accompanies. The father and son follow them into the hall in which Osiris judges the dead. The merits and the misdeeds of the rich man and then of the poor man are weighed in the balance of justice and truth. The misdeeds of the rich man were more numerous than his merits; with the poor man it was just the reverse. "As this poor fellow has not received enough happiness,



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transfer the funeral clothes of the rich man," Osiris ordered, "to this poor man and let him come near me. As for the other, he shall lie for ever at the door, so that the pivot, fixed upon his right eye, shall turn in the socket each time the door is closed or opened, and he shall cry in agony. He who does good upon earth shall be treated well here; but he who does evil shall have evil meted out to him."

Without doubt this story is nothing but a parable; but it proved to the people that the God of Justice no longer submitted to magic formulas. Divine justice had become inexorably clear-sighted and above all reparative: in the other world it judged men purely on their merits.

For the Greeks, Osiris personified the Nile which joined Isis, the earth. The evil Set was the sea, in which the Nile was lost, and the salt was Set's foam.

As regards Isis, she was already in the time of Herodotus the most popular of divinities. Was it not she who had saved first her husband, and then mankind, from definitive extinction? In Egypt she was the object of mysterious and secret adoration. Herodotus must have seen the mysteries during his voyage in that country, but he is discretion itself on the subject: "Regarding those mysteries, all of which without exception are known to me, may my lips observe a religious silence." Her worship had even spread beyond Egypt. In the time of Sylla, Rome had its temple of Isis, and later on, under the emperors, her worship was in vogue throughout the Roman Empire.

While the festivals of Osiris were held at the begin-

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ning of winter from the 12th to the 20th of Choiakh, those of Isis were celebrated in the spring (the beginning of Phamenoth) and in the autumn (mid-Athyr), especially in the island of Philæ, which was the dwelling place of the god.<sup>2</sup>



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THE MARRIAGE OF THE ENCHANTRESS



## THE MARRIAGE OF THE ENCHANTRESS

**H**AD Osiris granted Cleopatra's earnest prayer, and is it a paradox to say that "only the unexpected happens"?<sup>1</sup> On her return to Alexandria Cleopatra found a messenger from Antony, Fonteius Capito, waiting for her. Fonteius easily persuaded her that the faithless one loved and had never loved anyone but her; that, in the words of Plato in the *Phædrus*, "like a restive and rebellious horse his soul had broken loose"; that he was definitively separated from his wife and even his children, and that the memory of the ardent caresses of his beloved had by no means been effaced by Octavia's frigidity; that he requested her, entreated her to join him in Syria.

The messenger of love did not have much difficulty in convincing Cleopatra; but she intended this time to demand and obtain pledges which would bind her fickle lover forever. The difficult thing for a woman, especially when she is a queen, is not to win a lover, but to keep him—above all when her lover is an Antony.

It was, then, probably in the summer of 37 B. C. (717 of Rome)—for the texts are full of anachronisms—that, accompanied by Fonteius Capito, she rejoined Antony in Laodicea. Words of jealousy and reproach passed between them, accompanied by wild transports of passion—sincere, no doubt, in any case on Antony's part.

He was, indeed, still very much enamored with Cleopatra. He sincerely loved her, at least in so far as a Roman was capable of understanding love. For the

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Roman, to love was to possess a woman whose physical endowments had awakened his sensual desire; and he found it necessary to make that possession absolute in spite of everything, and even regardless, as has been seen, of an advanced state of pregnancy due to a previous union. That brutal, materialistic and unfeeling people, which had scarcely escaped from barbarism, had no other conception of love. For that instinct and for many other forms of covetousness the Latin tongue—like the French language, indeed—had only one word: *amor*, love.

Moreover, the love that woman throughout antiquity inspired was not the type of love with which we are familiar to-day. Woman was desired more for her physical form, on account of her function of reproduction, than for beauty of feature; she was honored for her dignity or because of the citizens she gave to the state. Down to the last years of the Republic, in the Roman home the wife—quite differently from the situation that existed, as has been said, in the Egyptian marriage—was nothing but a servant, whose condition was slightly superior to that of the slave. In reality, she was, except for the confinement of the harem, like the Turkish woman before her recent emancipation.

Not that several women did not play a rôle in the traditional history of Rome. More than once their intervention, apparent or concealed, decided the destinies of the state, and the name of one heroine is bound up with some of the most glorious memories.

“It was the conjugal devotion, the filial piety of the Sabine women which, uniting Sabine and Latin, formed

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the Roman nation. To the chastity of Lucretia, to the innocence of Virginia, Rome, subjected first by the Tarquins, then by the decemvirs, owed its deliverance. The entreaties of a wife and of a mother alone were able to move Coriolanus and save the Republic. The skillful suggestions of an ambitious wife were able to inspire in Licinius the celebrated law which consecrated the triumph of Roman democracy, and the last heroes of that democracy, the two Gracchi, were formed by the education and guided by the counsels of a mother.”<sup>2</sup>

“But in spite of everything the Roman woman, in general, was not truly and tenderly loved. She could not be, for all that was expected of her were submission and fidelity. The ideal woman and wife, as the Roman saw her, was one who merited the epitaph carved on the tomb of the wife of Marcus: ‘Here lies Amymone, very beautiful, a tireless spinner, pious, modest, economical, chaste. She tended the house. That is all. Go on your way.’ ”<sup>3</sup> And how could an Antony be capable of being touched and charmed by the goodness, devotion and generosity of a woman like Octavia?

Among the Romans, indeed, strength was all that counted, and woman represented weakness. As a consequence she took no part in the life of the men: when the city was deserted on account of war—and in antiquity war scarcely ceased—she remained behind with the old men and the children, the useless.

On her side, what the woman loved in a man likewise was not refinement of feeling, not even physical attractions, least of all handsomeness of feature, but strength



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and courage, which promised sturdy and vigorous children; for instinctively she felt above everything else that her rôle was one of collaboration in the common good.

In pagan antiquity the love of a man for a woman, it was believed, never ennobled him; on the contrary it abased him and was considered a weakness—almost a sign of cowardliness. Thus, in Latin and even Greek literature there are many forsaken maidens—Phædra, Medea, Dido—but scarcely any lovers, so common in modern literature. When they appear they only fall, as Hercules before Omphale, Catullus before Clodia, Cicero before the young Publilia, and Cæsar or Antony before Cleopatra, or become ridiculous like Vulcan with Juno, or Menelaus with Helen. “The ancients,” says Fontenelle, “have scarcely allowed love to enter into their dramas at all, and some praise them for not having debased their stage by such petty sentiments. Personally, I think they did not know what love could produce and that they were not versed in the ways of the heart.” The claims of love, the nobility of love—these were expressions which they could not have understood, for love to them was a calamity. They preferred to represent it as a divinity rather than a passion, and the antique chorus related how formidable it is. There is nothing of love in Æschylus, very little in Sophocles. Ovid’s brilliant genius, the rich imagination of Propertius, even the delicate sensibility of Tibullus, with slight shades of difference, understood love in a similar fashion: the man desires, triumphs, has fortunate or unfortunate rivals, is jealous, becomes unfaithful in turn. But not one of them suspected the delicate and tender feeling—nearly always

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dormant, it is true, in the woman of ancient times—which thirteen centuries later, for example, could set the heart of a Heloise athrob. When Catullus, a poet of refinement and a doting lover nevertheless, sings the love of Clodia or pours out his regrets and despair, he, likewise, thinks only of the conclusion of his love. Virgil, with his Dido, was perhaps the first to write of the struggles which can take place in a woman's heart. Before his time this sentiment had never troubled the mind: the heart knew nothing of the complications, refinements and subtleties of love—that verbosity of the passions in which the stage and literature of to-day delight so much. It did not question itself, analyse itself or struggle; it abandoned itself to fatality.

It was the advent of the Christian world that gave birth to woman's sensibility. While the Old Testament made woman the source of sin and almost a reprobate, Catholicism gave her a conscience. To Catholicism she certainly owes her personality, and with that all her charm. That she should thenceforth be more devoted to it, by reason of gratitude, than man, is comprehensible. But all that was a development of which neither Antony nor Cleopatra was ever to know anything.

Despite those three years of separation, Antony underwent no disenchantment when he saw Cleopatra once again. Not that those three years, made harder to bear by the vexation she had felt at her abandonment and by maternity, had left no trace; but she took such pains to preserve her beauty that she still remained the enchantress.

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Cleopatra, on the contrary, was extremely disappointed: she had thought to find Antony as she had known him at Tarsus and at Alexandria, still identifying himself with Dionysus. Instead of that, while he had remained as natural, as impulsive as before, without a trace of sham or affectation—convinced, indeed, that “life is too short to waste a part of it in disguising oneself”<sup>4</sup>—his giant form had grown stouter; pads of fat surrounded his bull-like neck; his curly hair had whitened at the temples; his dull eyes blinked or widened excessively after the manner of drunkards, and his flabby cheeks and sensual mouth gave him the air of a melancholy old Bacchus.<sup>5</sup> He was indeed scarcely fifty, but he now drank more heavily than ever before. What a contrast, she thought, with Cæsar, who at fifty-six was still physically and mentally alert.

They perceived, moreover, that something between them had changed. In too long a separation there is always the danger that the minds and characters of two persons, each having developed independently, may no longer be in unison, and that they may be astonished to find each other changed.

They stayed a short time at Laodicea and then went on to Antioch. In order completely to recover possession of Cleopatra Antony loaded her with presents. He gave her Phœnicia, Cœle-Syria, whose capital was Damascus, the island of Cyprus and a great part of Cilicia. He even added the coast of Judea which produces the balsam, and the whole of the portion of Arabia held by the Nabathæans, which bordered the Red Sea.

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The members of the Queen's suite he treated no less lavishly. He distributed tetrarchies and entire nations, and took kingdoms from their legitimate rulers. He took Judea from Antigonus, and when the latter appeared dissatisfied he condemned him to be scourged with rods in the public place, and then had his head cut off—treatment which no king had ever before suffered at the hands of the Romans.<sup>6</sup> The latter were filled with indignation, and, retaining in spite of everything some weakness for Antony, held Cleopatra responsible for these misdeeds and made her the object of their animadversions, the more particularly so because they were just as critical of the great honors which she had received from her lover.

A much more serious event, however, was to take place.

Cleopatra wanted no more of those constant desertions which each time ruined her hopes. Antony had once again taken up his project for the conquest of Persia; but while he had several legions he had no war chest. Cleopatra alone was able to give him the necessary financial aid. Through Venus and Isis, she gave him to understand, the solution would be quite simple. By marrying her he would become King of Egypt.

And Octavia? He had only to repudiate her—the Roman laws were obliging enough in such matters.

Antony readily consented to the marriage—it was the easiest and surest means of drawing upon the treasure of the Lagidæ—but he could not bring himself to agree to the repudiation. Was this from fear of Octavia's

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brother, or of striking an undeserved blow at a wife who had never shown him anything but kindness, tenderness and devotion? In any case, at Antioch at the beginning of the year 36 Antony again did what no Roman had dared to do before him—he embarked upon a dynastic marriage. That union was not consistent with the Roman constitution, modified though it had been. Although he was not divorced from Octavia his marriage with Cleopatra was solemnized, and he thus became King of Egypt.

Shakespeare has painted in lively colors the marriage of the two lovers, who “spent kingdoms in kisses.” And, indeed, although the ceremony did not take place in the capital of the bride and bridegroom’s realm, it was accompanied, at Cleopatra’s wish, by all the pomp of the East.

For that unwonted event Antioch had been chosen, most likely deliberately. Did Cleopatra or Antony fear that if the ceremony took place in Alexandria it might give rise to troublesome manifestations? Was the Queen afraid that she would be accused of having made use, in her capital, of magic enchantments? And was Antony desirous of proving that he acted entirely of his own free will?

Antioch, indeed, although Syria was under Roman rule, had obtained from Pompey the privilege of governing itself, which it was to enjoy to the time of the Antonines. It was therefore a free city, neutral soil well adapted to an act of such importance.

Antioch the Magnificent, called the Queen of the East,

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was at the time, after Rome and Alexandria, the third city of the world. It was a center of art and voluptuous pleasures, and had nearly half a million inhabitants. The city, which stood on the Orentes, not far from the sea, at the foot of the Amanus chain—where Cicero had defeated the Parthians—and was built on the slopes of Mount Silpius, contained some superb monuments and was surrounded by fortifications of not less than seventy feet in height, flanked by one hundred and thirty towers, of which fifty are still standing. It was famous for the celebrated retreat of Daphne, the daughter of the river Peneus and the Earth loved by Apollo, but metamorphosed into a laurel tree so that she might escape the god. Her grove of laurels and cypresses, in the midst of which stood the statue of Diana, was considered one of the most beautiful spots in the world.

While the children of Antony and Cleopatra had been left in Alexandria, all the high state officers of Egypt and Antony's friends hastened in response to the call of the Queen and the Roman. In the great hall of the palace, decorated with lotus flowers, a dais had been raised for Antony and Cleopatra. Flowers were strewn in profusion upon the multicolored pavement. The Queen wore a pectoral of sparkling gems, which covered one of her breasts, whilst the other opened her plaited robe a trifle, revealing a body that seemed still to be slim and supple. Her legs were visible beneath a fine plaited gauze, and her feet were inclosed in golden sandals. She was seated upon a square taboret the fine marquetry on which symbolized the union of the two empires of Upper and Lower Egypt. Her head was encircled by the white

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crown of Upper Egypt, bearing the sacred *uraeus* in front, and surmounted by a monumental headdress, upon which a solar disk of gold shone brilliantly amid an abundance of large feathers. Tapers of red wax burned in gilded lamps beside perfume boxes of precious metal, incrustated with translucent enamel.

Rising, the Queen took up a fan adorned with turquoises and carnelians, and tenderly fanned her husband. Antony was sitting beside her on a seat of gilded wood set off with red, which had blue feet and was covered by a thick cushion with a purple background, studded with gold and checkered with black. With a spatula of sycamore wood cut in the form of the lengthened body of a woman, naked to the waist, she anointed the new King of Egypt with perfumed oil, at the same time pronouncing consecrated words.

At a given sign the Egyptian ministers and dignitaries advanced, prostrated themselves before the Queen and King, and kissed the ground, sprinkled with lapis lazuli. The priests then came and placed a crown upon the brows of each of the sovereigns, while scribes drew up the charter concerning the coronation which was to fix forever the names of the Queen and the new King, and declare the twins Alexander Helios and Cleopatra Selene legitimate as a result of the marriage.

The first part of the ceremony completed, the royal couple, tenderly clasping each other and with their arms filled with flowers and offerings, walked to the end of the hall and in preparation for the nuptial banquet reclined

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upon two richly ornamented couches. On the stone table an epergne of filigree of gold, a marvelous piece of Nubian negro art, represented a group of giraffes beneath palm trees; <sup>7</sup> the goblets, plates and golden needles disappeared beneath a profusion of yellow irises and water lilies.

The numerous guests took their places around the sovereigns. In imposing files, black slaves, with white waistcloths advanced, bearing red cabbage, sesame seeds, aniseed, carmine, relishes to provoke thirst afterwards to be allayed by the wines of Kheta, beer, oil—that delight of the throat—and brandy distilled from wine, which easily robbed a man of his senses. Then another file of slaves brought a variety of dishes and some enormous fruits.

The banquet proceeded with ceremony. However, in the course of the repast a servant brought to each guest a little wooden mummy lying in a tiny coffin, and murmured in a melancholy tone: "Look upon this, then drink and enjoy thyself, for so thou wilt be when thou art dead." <sup>8</sup> The appearance of singing girls, who accompanied themselves, some upon the five-stringed lyre, others on the catgut guitar, and dancing girls, all quite naked, made a welcome diversion. Then an expert female musician—and in that quality lightly veiled—played upon the thirty-two strings of the royal harp, the frame of which still bore the effigy of Tutenkhamon.

The banquet had by no means degenerated into an orgy.

Notwithstanding that ceremony, Antony did not ven-



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ture to assume officially the title of King of Egypt. He had no intention of renouncing the advantage he had in being able to present himself everywhere as a Roman proconsul, which was a much more formidable title than that of King of Egypt. Accordingly, without troubling himself about the contradictions that he created, he had the effigies of himself and Cleopatra placed on the coins of Egypt which the Queen was desirous of having minted so as to give her people a visible attestation of the accession of Antony as protector and sovereign of Egypt;<sup>9</sup> but he took the title of triumvir and *αυτοκρατωρ*, a Greek translation of the Latin word *Imperator*. Similarly, he did not inform the Roman Senate of his marriage, nor did he repudiate Octavia. He seems only to have wished to arrogate to himself, like an Eastern king, the right to have several legitimate wives, as Cæsar, it was said, also had contemplated doing.

In reality, Ferrero remarks, Antony and Cleopatra had each desired that strange marriage for personal motives, and each had the intention of making use of the other to gain his (or her) own ends, at the same time giving as little as possible in exchange: Cleopatra, in order to aggrandize her realm and crush more easily the opposition to her government at home; Antony, in order to obtain what he needed for his expedition against the Parthians. If it was the official union of Antony and Cleopatra it was also the beginning of a struggle, for it became a question of seeing which was to be the instrument and victim of the other.

Already Cleopatra was asking him to add to his nuptial present other new gifts, such as Arabia, Tyre and Sidon;

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and in order to obtain the whole of Judea, which had been conquered by Pompey, she began to intrigue against Herod.<sup>10</sup> Antony, who was so little able to resist the charms of the clever Egyptian woman, nevertheless accorded her nothing more than what he already had given her. He even counseled her not to meddle too much in the affairs of the tributary states,<sup>11</sup> and pressed forward with his preparations for the great Persian campaign which, after so many lukewarm attempts, he at last intended to undertake.

At the beginning of March, 718 (36 B. C.), he left Antioch and went with Cleopatra to Zeugma, one of the most important trading cities of the East, in Commagene (Upper Syria), on the upper Euphrates, opposite Apamea, situated on the other side of the river in Mesopotamia.<sup>12</sup> There he took his leave of the Queen—who, incidentally, was in an advanced state of pregnancy—and went up to the high plateau of Erzerum to review the army he had assembled for the projected campaign.

There is no doubt that Octavius must have been very much displeased by that strange political marriage when he learned of it. It was not only the outrage done his sister that disturbed him, but also the increased power which this marriage was capable of bringing his brother-in-law. After having added Egypt to his provinces, would not Antony, if he also succeeded in his Persian expedition, become incomparably more powerful than Octavius himself?<sup>13</sup> But, preoccupied as he was with Sextus Pompey, Octavius could take no action against him.

## CLEOPATRA

Italy, on the contrary, was scarcely affected by that union: <sup>14</sup>

*Rome, par une loi qui ne se peut changer,  
N'admet avec son sang aucun sang étranger;  
Et ne reconnaît point les fruits illégitimes  
Qui naissent d'un hymen contraire à ses maximes.*<sup>15</sup>

Moreover, all its attention likewise was being focused on the decisive struggle which was taking place, with varying fortune, between Octavius and the last descendant of the Pompeys.

As for Cleopatra, she returned to Egypt by the overland route, escorted by Herod, and in spite of her condition, stopped at Jerusalem. Like everyone in the ancient world she did not like the Jews; but she was curious to see the temple dedicated to their single god, Jehovah, which was reported to be magnificent. Herod also wished to show her the adornments with which he had endowed the city and particularly the splendid palace which he had constructed for himself on Mount Zion. He then accompanied the Queen as far as Pelusium.<sup>16</sup>

Cleopatra returned to Alexandria, and while awaiting the return of Antony, who had set out upon the conquest of Persia, she withdrew to the confinement chamber and gave birth to a son, who received the name of Philadelphus.

Cleopatra had several reasons for being gratified with and proud of her handiwork. Antony thenceforth belonged to her body and soul; the Egyptian empire was more extensive than it had ever been since Euergetes; she

## THE MARRIAGE OF THE ENCHANTRESS

found Egypt in a perfectly peaceful condition, and quite content also to prosper and grow rich; her subjects for the first time admired their Queen, who secured for them the help of a powerful King, the most powerful in the world; and, lastly, she enjoyed an authority unmatched by that of any of the princes of the East. She had indeed ample reason for being proud of having triumphed by means of that love which was to make her immortal. Without the love of Cæsar and especially of Antony would she, indeed, be the Cleopatra of history? In order to be "more than queen" it is not enough for a woman to be an empress; she must be the most extraordinarily loved woman of all women ever loved. Who remembers Livia Drusilla, albeit an empress, and who does not know Cleopatra, though no more than Queen of Egypt? Without doubt Cleopatra had reason to be happy, the more so since she did not suspect that she was at the zenith of her fortunes.

In Alexandria, just as in Rome, the Tarpeian Rock was near the Capitol.



—· VII ·—

THE PERSIAN CAMPAIGN



## THE PERSIAN CAMPAIGN <sup>1</sup>

**A**NTONY'S first mistake was in commencing the war at the very beginning of the spring of 718, before the weather permitted, and in setting about it in too precipitate and disorderly a fashion. Instead of spending the winter of 717-718 (37-36 B. C.) at Antioch, where he could have allowed his wearied army to rest, and taking possession of Media in the spring before the Parthians had thought of leaving their winter quarters, Antony sent his troops towards the frontiers of that state, which they approached by two different routes.

Under the command of Oppius Statianus, two legions and the allied contingents of Armenia and Pontus with the siege engines took the easier but longer route by the valley of the Araxes, a tributary of the Cyrus.<sup>2</sup> The progress of the column was further retarded by the three hundred chariots, drawn by mules or teams of oxen four abreast, which bore the war engines—carroballistas, onagers, catapults and scorpions as well as a battering-ram eighty feet long. The transportation of these engines, which could have been repaired only with much difficulty in the event of accident, caused considerable delay.

Antony with the rest of the army took a more direct but more uneven road. At the end of July he attacked and devastated Atropatene, a part of Media between



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Armenia and the Hyrcanian Sea; and without waiting for the army of Oppius Statianus he hastened to lay siege to Phraaspa, the capital of Media Atropatene, in which city were the wives and children of the Kings of the Medes. This was another mistake, for he soon realized that he was greatly handicapped for want of his engines.

It was already the end of Sextilis—the name August was only given to the month at a later date, in order to flatter the emperor—and Antony seemed principally concerned with bringing the war to a close as soon as possible.

In the meantime, the King of the Parthians, Phraates IV, concealed by the unevenness of the country in that region, came up with Antony with a large body of cavalry, unknown to the Roman general. The latter was badly informed and entirely occupied with planning his lines of intrenchment around Phraaspa. Moving along in a northerly direction, Phraates unexpectedly fell upon the chariots of Oppius Statianus, which he encountered near Gazaca. The struggle was brief; the Romans were completely overwhelmed. In the fight Statianus was slain, and 10,000 men fell with him. As for the engines, they were broken to pieces.

The campaign began badly. In the first place, the King of Armenia, Artavasdes, although he had been the pretext for the war, pretended to be panic-stricken and withdrew, taking with him the best part of the cavalry—at all events the part that was most familiar with the tactics of the enemy.

Antony however did not lose courage, and continued the siege of Phraaspa, hoping thus to draw the army of

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the Parthians and to bring it to a decisive battle. And in fact King Phraates and his Parthians, filled with boldness and arrogance by their last success, came on the scene; but they contented themselves with roaming around the Romans and harassing them continually, always present, always troublesome, but always elusive, and, thanks to their coats of mail which nearly completely covered horse and rider, almost invulnerable.

Antony, who had joined forces with what remained of the army of Oppius Statianus, made various attempts to compel them to fight. Once he even had the tents folded, and went off taking with him ten legions and three prætorian cohorts with all of his cavalry. In order to attract the enemy, he led his troops quite a distance on a foraging expedition, pillaging and burning without mercy as he went. Each day the Parthians appeared to be unmistakably around him; but, drawn up in battle formation in the form of a crescent, they contented themselves with silently watching the Roman army defile before them, admiring its order.

At a given signal the Roman cavalry and infantry suddenly fell upon them with loud shouts, brandishing and striking their weapons. The Parthians, as cunning as they were brave, says Florus, pretended to be terror-stricken and fled across their vast plains. Antony, believing himself victorious, hurried after them in pursuit, almost believing that the war, or at any rate the hardest part of it, had been ended by that single engagement. In his pursuit, however, the victor had fallen in with only eighty of the enemy's slain and had taken only thirty prisoners, while his own side had sustained much heavier

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losses. The Parthians were, indeed, more redoubtable in retreat than in attack, due to their practice of shooting arrows over their shoulders while in full flight with incredible precision. When the Romans compared the result of that victorious pursuit with the fate that had overtaken the army of Statianus, they were considerably astonished and somewhat discouraged.

Next day at dawn they once more took the road for Phraaspa and their camp. Great was their astonishment when they encountered in their march first a small number of the enemy they had put to flight the day before, then larger detachments, and finally, towards evening, the army of the Parthians in its entirety which, in the words of Florus, burst like an unexpected storm upon the troops, already fatigued by the march. Two legions sustained heavy losses, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that the Romans succeeded in reaching their camp.

While that expedition had been in progress the defenders of the city of Phraaspa, learning that the enemy's intrenchments were to a considerable extent undefended, had made a sortie and forced the besiegers to abandon their first lines. Antony was greatly annoyed by what he considered an act of cowardice, and inflicted upon the troops that had defended that outpost the ancient punishment which the Romans called "decimation": the defaulters were divided into tens, and lots were drawn to determine which one out of each ten should be executed. As for the others, their rations were served in barley instead of wheat.

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As far as Antony was concerned, the war was indeed being conducted under most unpleasant conditions.

The month of September was passed in expectancy. The besieged made frequent sorties; but the rains and fogs of October were beginning. Kept constantly on the alert, forced to undertake the heaviest of labors, obliged to seek food at a considerable distance, menaced by famine—for the detachments which went out upon requisitions or foraging parties lost many in killed, wounded and prisoners—the army grew weary and discouraged. Nevertheless, Antony maintained discipline and stood firm.

On his side, it is true, Phraates also was not without apprehension. It was with uneasiness that he too saw the arrival of the cold and disagreeable season of the autumnal equinox, for he knew the Parthians, little used to winter campaigns, well enough to fear that if the Romans obstinately remained and continued the war they would desert him.

Accordingly, he decided to try the effect of a stratagem. He ordered those of his officers who knew the language of the enemy not to offer much opposition to the Romans when they met them, to let them take what they wanted, and in particular to show much admiration for their bravery. By this means they were to approach them in a friendly fashion and, riding peacefully beside them at a short distance, seek to get into conversation and give them to understand that the King was greatly disposed to make peace in order to save such a large body of fine

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fellows. "Why," they were instructed to say, "does your general refuse to enable him to do so, and obstinately await in this desolate country the two greatest enemies you could ever have—winter and famine? And, moreover, it will be almost impossible for you to escape the attacks of the Parthians."

The news that the enemy desired peace quickly spread through Antony's army, which was composed of very varied elements, and numbered few Romans, or even Italians. Fatigued as the men were, they received the proposal with joy. Antony himself, when he heard these reports, was somewhat disturbed, and in order to make certain that the statements of the barbarians were in accord with the views of their King he dispatched some of his friends to the latter to request the return of the Roman standards and prisoners which still remained in the hands of the Parthians as the result of the defeat of Crassus. By that demand, if it were met, he hoped to save his face in retreating and not return with his hands altogether empty. King Phraates replied that the return of the Roman standards and prisoners could not be considered;<sup>3</sup> but that, if Antony so desired, he would immediately make peace with him and would not molest his retreat.

To retreat was indeed the only thing Antony could do. The city was putting up an obstinate resistance; the soldiers were worn out and disillusioned. Winter was near and it was impossible to think of spending it in such a desolate and inhospitable region. Antony therefore accepted, and at the end of October, having had the baggage made up, set out on the road back, without having

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dared to address his troops, as was his custom. But so strong was his soldiers' affection for him that instead of reproaching him with his silence they showed him even greater respect and obedience.

While the army was preparing to return by the road by which it had come, across a vast plain without trees or dwellings and almost without water, a Mardian, who had lived long enough among the Parthians to be well acquainted with their habits and practices and who had given the Romans proof of his loyalty in the battle of the chariots, appeared and spoke with Antony. This man strongly advised him to take the road on the right for the mountains, and so avoid entangling a heavily accoutered army, encumbered with equipage, in a bare, open and uninhabited country, where it would be exposed to the cavalry and the arrows of the Parthians. It was, he added, only in the hope of raising the siege of Phraaspa and of then falling upon the Romans in the vast plains that Phraates had made such a conciliating proposal. If Antony so desired he declared that he would act as his guide, and lead him by a way that was shorter and better furnished with all necessities.

Antony was deeply perplexed. On the one hand, he did not wish to appear to distrust the Parthians after their courteous behavior, and on the other he strongly approved the suggestion of shortening the journey and marching through a country interspersed with towns and villages which would furnish him with everything his army would need. When the barbarian was asked what pledge of his loyalty he would give, he replied that they

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had only to tie him up till he should have conducted the army into Armenia.

In this condition he led the Romans along for two days without any unpleasant meeting. But by the third day Antony, always trusting and improvident, had already forgotten the Parthians. The army was marching with little order or discipline along the banks of a river, when the guide perceived that the embankment which had held back the waters had recently been broken down and that the road was inundated—evidently the work of the Parthians, designed to retard Antony's army in its march. How had they known that the retreating army would take that road on its return journey? In any case it was certain that the enemy could not be far off.

Scarcely, indeed, had the Mardian warned Antony to be on his guard than the Parthians came upon them, spread out on all sides and seeking to surround the retreating army. As for the guide, he had disappeared.

The bowmen of Antony's army, however, repulsed the enemy. A second attack was also beaten off, this time by the Gauls, who charged the enemy furiously. The Parthians did not dare to appear any more that day. As a result of that surprise Antony took certain precautions: he covered both wings and the rear guard with slingers and bowmen, arranged his army in a hollow square and gave his cavalry orders to repel the enemy when they charged but not to risk pursuing them.

As a result of these changes, during the next four days the Parthians, who had renewed their attacks, received

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as many losses as they inflicted on the Romans, which very much cooled their ardor. Prisoners taken even declared that their countrymen had decided to retreat, giving the winter season as an excuse.

Then, on the fifth day of the retreat, Flavius Gallus, an officer of great courage and daring, asked Antony to let him have the greater part of the light infantry and some of the cavalry from the rear to take part in a considerable exploit whose success he guaranteed. To this project Antony was imprudent enough to consent. With these troops Gallus repulsed the enemy, but instead of afterwards rejoining the main Roman army which continued its retreat he obstinately continued the fight. This was an act of excessive rashness, and it was in vain that he was told to withdraw. It was in vain, too, that Titus, the quæstor, who was fighting at his side, took one of the standards and sought to lead the detachment back to the retreating army, reproaching Gallus with unnecessarily sacrificing the bravest of their men, and urging him to give way.

But who gives heed to advice, except when it is bad? Gallus replied only with abuse, commanded his men to remain and pressed so far forward that before he realized it he was surrounded. Then, overwhelmed, he had no alternative but to send for help. He would have been completely annihilated had not Antony, who was far in advance, hastily come up with his infantry and urged on the third legion through the midst of the fugitives against the barbarians, and so arrested their pursuit. That piece of rashness on the part of Gallus cost no less



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than 3,000 lives, and 1,500 were wounded, among them Gallus, who had four arrows shot through his body. He died of his wounds soon after.

This success filled the enemy with so much contempt for the Romans that a great number of Parthians—40,000 horsemen, according to Plutarch—believing that Antony's army would take advantage of the night to desert its tents and take to flight, had hastened forward to take part in the pillage. The King had even sent his bodyguard, so certain was he of victory and spoils.

Antony did not disguise from himself the fact that the situation was becoming critical, and decided to address his soldiers. For this purpose he called for a black robe, with the object of better arousing their compassion, but his friends thought that his wearing mourning apparel would be more likely to discourage them. Yielding to his friends' persistence, he agreed to put on his purple robe, and spoke in his usual effective fashion. At the end of his allocution, raising his hands to the heavens he besought the gods "if they had resolved to send him some great misfortune to counterbalance his past good fortune, to let it fall upon him alone, and save his army and make it victorious over his enemies." Antony's self-abnegation roused the army, and when next morning the Parthians, who had not risked making an attack during the night, decided to do so they found their calculations upset. Whereas they had expected not so much to do battle as to fall upon the quarry, they were met by a shower of arrows, and found the Romans as firm and as spirited as after a victory.

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Thanks to this attitude, the Romans were able to continue their retreat; but the hills down which they had to go were so steep that progress was very slow, harassed as they were by the Parthians, who showered arrows upon them from all sides.

The Roman infantry thereupon came to a halt and formed a hollow square. Placing in the center of it those who were exhausted or only lightly armed, the men knelt on one knee and covered themselves with the large bucklers with which they were armed. The second rank did the same and held their shields above the first; the third did likewise, so that the continuity of shields, making a kind of bronze roof, appeared like the steps of a theater and formed the safest defense against the enemy's darts and arrows. The Parthians, seeing the Romans kneeling on the ground, thought they were asking for mercy. Putting away their bows and arrows, they approached the square with lowered spears. At that moment the Romans leaped up with a loud shout, and using their spears drove back and slew the most advanced of the enemy and put the others to flight.

The same tactics were adopted during the following days; but these repeated attacks exhausted Antony's army, which made but little headway, and hunger began to threaten. The army could only obtain wheat at the point of the sword, and when it had obtained it, mills for grinding it were lacking, for they had abandoned their own when the greater part of their beasts of burden had died. Those that remained were being used for transporting the sick and wounded. In the camp a bushel of wheat sold for fifty drachmas, and a barley loaf for its weight in silver.

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The army was reduced to feeding upon herbs and roots that were unknown to them, some of which caused death and others loss of memory and even madness. The men that had eaten of them could remember nothing and would spend the whole day very carefully moving the stones they met with, as though engaged upon some very important and meritorious pursuit. The country was full of soldiers who, bending to the ground, pulled up and moved stones from one place to another without reason, and then suddenly died.

It was in the midst of such circumstances that Antony once more found his great qualities as a leader. Indefatigable, always ready to hasten to the point where the army was threatened, encouraging his soldiers by word and deed, he cheerfully accepted his share of the danger and hardships. At every halting place he would visit all the wounded men within their tents, consoling them by a display of the utmost compassion and even shedding plentiful tears over their misfortunes.<sup>4</sup> So great was the confidence these men had in their general that the unfortunate fellows forced themselves to maintain an appearance of gaiety, took Antony's hand and begged him to continue the retreat without troubling about them and giving himself so much concern and toil on their account, and besought him to look after himself. Calling him their *imperator*, they declared that their lives depended on his continuance in health. These men, who belonged to so many different races, drawn from the most distant sections of the Roman world which they had no great hopes of ever seeing again, lost in that wild and hostile

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region, had neither gods, country, family nor relations beyond this chief of theirs. For them he represented all of those in one. It is certain, remarks Plutarch, that never had emperor or captain assembled so strong an army, exhibiting such robust youthfulness and such patience in every phase of work. Judged by the respect that officers and soldiers alike, from the noblest to the most obscure, had for their chief, and by their absolute obedience mingled with the most cordial affection and a generous sentiment which led them to prefer the esteem and kindly acts of their captain to their own lives and safety, this army was excelled by none, not even the legions of ancient Rome. This, Plutarch adds, was due to several causes: Antony's noble birth, his powerful eloquence, his simplicity, his liberality, his magnificence and even the pleasantries he uttered in the course of his amusements and in the conduct of business. Moreover, the tender and affectionate manner with which he sympathized with his soldiers' ills and supplied their wants made the sick and wounded even more devoted and obedient to him than the able-bodied themselves. Into all this there entered, too, Antony's ascendancy—that fascination which certain men of action exercise upon their subordinates and which partakes of the miraculous. The power and glory, or even only the renown, which surrounds them conceals their natural human weakness. Moreover, when so many men dedicate themselves to a leader he is enabled to undertake the greatest of enterprises, until adversity proves too strong. And then, as history shows repeatedly, total ruin comes suddenly upon him.

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Antony, thinking of Xenophon and his *Anabasis*, was heard to exclaim: "Oh, the retreat of the ten thousand!" But the future had greater trials in store for him.

However, the Parthians were at least as anxious to finish the struggle. When they found they could not annihilate the Roman army they used their customary tactics. Mingling with the men dispatched on foraging expeditions or those who left the camp to seek wheat, they showed them their bows unstrung and told them they had no desire but to put an end to the pursuit by an agreement. This statement the Parthians accompanied with earnest professions and even manifestations of friendship, as though they were taking leave of them. Once more the Romans allowed themselves to be hoodwinked and threw off their watchfulness. Antony himself, when he heard of these reports, thought of leaving the mountain road for that of the plains, fearing they would no longer find water there.

As he was preparing to put this scheme into execution, a man on horseback dressed in the costume of a Parthian officer rode towards the camp. The man was a Roman who had escaped the fate of the rest of the army of Crassus. In order to banish distrust he approached and saluted the general in Latin.<sup>5</sup> When he was brought in he declared that at the foot of the chain of high mountains visible in the distance the Parthians were preparing an ambush with the whole of their troops, for which reason they had persuaded the retreating army to quit the mountain road for that of the plains. If the Roman army took that road it would be certain to meet the mis-

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fortunes of Crassus. But how much trust could be placed in this man? He was a Roman, it is true—at least he said he was. But was he not just a spy like the other?

Uncertain what course to pursue, Antony allowed the army to continue along the road over the mountains, giving orders to the men to take with them supplies of water. But the soldiers lacked vessels in which to transport it; some filled their helmets, others carried it in goat skins. The Romans had no sooner set out on their march than the Parthians received news of their actions, and in the night the barbarians, despite the fact that they had no liking for expeditions in the dark, followed close upon their heels. At sunrise next morning they came up with the rear of the Roman army, which that night had traveled 240 stadia (about 22 miles). The men were weary with fatigue and parched with thirst, the water in their helmets and goat skins having been spilt during the march.

There had however been a gleam of hope. The men at the head of the army came up to a large river, the water of which was very cool and clear; but they were soon undeceived, for the water was salt. Moreover, although those that drank the brackish water suffered intolerable pains, nothing could prevent the thirsty men from seeking to refresh themselves with it. It was in vain that Antony ran amongst the ranks entreating his soldiers to forbear but a little longer, and assuring them that they would shortly find another river whose water was excellent, and that thenceforth the rest of the road was so steep and impracticable for cavalry that the enemy would soon be obliged to give up the pursuit. At the same time he sounded the retreat to call off the men who

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were still fighting, and gave the signal for pitching the tents, so that the soldiers might at least refresh themselves in the shade which they provided.

At nightfall, upon hearing that the Parthians planned to attack the camp once more, the army, in spite of its exhaustion, set out on the road again. It was not, however, molested by the enemy.

During the march a painful incident occurred. Some of the soldiers, under cover of the night, which had come on, threw themselves upon the men who had been placed in charge of the gold and silver, pillaged the beasts of burden and even seized Antony's baggage, cutting up all of his valuable dishes and tables. But the division of the spoil amongst them did not take place without quarrels, and several paid with their lives for having been lucky in the pillage.

Antony, who had hastened to the spot on hearing the noise, which he thought was caused by an enemy attack, was overwhelmed by the odious scene that met his eyes. Deeply grieved by the madness that had attacked his soldiers, he called one of his guards, the freedman Rhamnus, and made him swear that whenever he should command him he would pass his sword through his body and cut off his head so that his corpse would not be recognized by the enemy.

It was in vain that his friends strove to calm him by telling him that the event was only the result of a fit of madness among certain doubtful elements caused by the hardships, privation and noxious food, that there could be no repetition of it as a river of drinkable water was

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very near, and that he for his part should feel confident of the attachment of the army. Antony had the trumpets sounded for encampment.

Day was already beginning to break and the army was falling into a semblance of order when the rear guard was again attacked by the Parthians. Antony was disposed to make an end of the matter—either by inflicting a final defeat upon the enemy so as to make them give up the pursuit, or perishing in the attempt. In point of fact neither of these possibilities resulted. The Parthians' attack in the rear was only a skirmish, easily repulsed by the infantry, and the demonstrations on the flanks were no less easily checked by the cavalry. Furthermore, Antony did not perish. But the army was no longer followed, as in the plains, by a cloud of ravens which accompanied the retreat in the anticipation of human prey; these had been replaced by eagles which now circled overhead and dropped like arrows on the exhausted men who lingered behind.

At length, after another day's march the vanguard came upon the promised river. First the sick and wounded were taken across, and then, once on the other bank, the army was at last able to slake its thirst. Next day it reached the Araxes at practically the point where in by-gone days the Greeks of Xenophon had crossed the river. But of his ten thousand men Xenophon had lost no more than 1,400.

As soon as the river had been crossed the army was saved. Bursting into tears, the soldiers embraced each other in transports of joy. After so much privation and



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suffering they now found themselves in a country that was so productive and fertile that they ate meat and fruits in immoderate quantities. As a result, many suffered from dropsy and digestive troubles.

After several days of rest Antony decided to review what remained of his army. If he had escaped a total defeat like that which overtook Crassus, and a massacre like that at Carræ, in Mesopotamia,<sup>6</sup> and if the standards had been saved from disaster, that laborious campaign, with its tragic retreat of twenty-seven days from Phraaspa to the Araxes, during which eighteen battles were fought, had cost the lives of 20,000 foot soldiers and 2,000 cavalry, half of whom had died of sickness. It was, indeed, one of the most disastrous retreats in history, with which Napoleon was to compare the retreat from Russia.

The next step seemed to be to punish the King of Armenia, who in spite of his promises had so quickly deserted Antony's cause. But this was postponed, for it was necessary to reach the coast notwithstanding the inclemency of the season and the perpetual snows. Having lost another 8,000 men during the journey, as a result of the sudden change from the heat of Armenia to the frosts of Cappadocia, the army at length reached the sea shore at a certain town of Phœnicia called Leucecome, between Berytus and Sidon.

"How much heroism, patience and complete self-abnegation humanity wastes on monstrous and absurd

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objectives!"<sup>7</sup> In the course of universal history how many beings have been sacrificed by the god of useless conquests to the folly of an ephemeral glory! What a calamity are those conquerors who think of nothing but the crown of Victory, and who in their struggle to attain it proudly slaughter the children of others! What a scourge are those ambitious men whose genius plays the rôle of destroying Destiny, covering the world with blood! "Is the life of a man worth making so much noise about?"<sup>8</sup> And the most inconceivable thing is that for their audacious enterprises they always find a number of obscure propitiatory victims—often, indeed, the nations rush headlong into them of their own accord, foolishly abandoning the tools of peace for the instruments of death, as if the evils heaped upon mankind by nature were not enough!

For Antony likewise that disastrous expedition marked the beginning of his decline and the end of his good fortune.

But for the moment his only thought was of seeing Cleopatra again.



—· VIII ·—

THE KING CONSORT



## THE KING CONSORT

**O**CTAVIUS and his partisans had followed that campaign with anxiety. All through the summer they had offered public sacrifices to the gods for its success; but in reality they hoped it would fail. Antony with a victorious army would have been master of the situation, and Octavius would have been relegated to the second rank.

If the latter became Augustus, Ferrero remarks, he owed the change much more to the Parthians than to his own genius. It must not, however, be forgotten that his lieutenant Agrippa just at that time had eliminated from the world's stage the last man to bear the great name of Pompey. At the end of the month of Sextilis—August, 718 of Rome—Sextus had been completely defeated at the naval battle of Naulochus. He had fled with the seventeen vessels that remained to him, his treasures and his daughter, and for a time found refuge at Cleopatra's court, only to be assassinated in Illyria shortly after, in the spring of 719, by Antony's secret orders.

Was this the result of jealousy? Had Antony's influence waned so much after the pitiful failure of the Persian campaign and his lamentable retreat that he feared Cleopatra had thought of drawing to her cause the last descendant of a family whose name, in spite of everything, still enjoyed considerable prestige in the Roman world? However that may be, he waited in the

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small Phœnician town in which he had taken up his quarters, and sent word to Cleopatra asking her to come to him. He now lived only in the hope of seeing her.

"Hope," Aristotle has said, "is the dream of a man awake"; but waiting—anxious waiting—is perhaps the most painful of all forms of suffering; and as waiting contains an element of fear, so he was afraid of having lost her. He was racked by spells of anxiety, melancholy and languidness which exhausted him. Even at table he could not contain his impatience; frequently he would start up from his seat and go down to the seashore to see if he could not at last perceive the *Antoniad*, as Cleopatra had named her royal galley. Out of despair "he once more began to drink to excess." <sup>1</sup>

At last she arrived, bringing a great deal of clothing and money for the soldiers, which she insisted on distributing herself. Antony indeed now seemed, after his failure and in his present state of depression, to be at Cleopatra's mercy. Was this not what she had wished for? And had not her desire to subject him to her will led her, from the time of their marriage at Antioch, to encourage Antony so warmly to undertake that impossible conquest? She was an astute enough politician for that.

So conscious was Antony of his decline and the necessity for regaining his former position that, having learned that a serious dispute had arisen between the King of the Medes and the King of the Parthians over the division of the Roman spoils, he contemplated the possibility of recommencing the struggle by accepting the proposal of

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the King of the Medes, who suggested that they should join forces against the Parthians. What, indeed, he complacently asked himself, had he lacked, to overthrow the enemy but cavalry and bowmen? And these the King of the Medes possessed in abundance.

The strategical plan of the last campaign was indeed imposing and excellent—which was not surprising since Cæsar was its author.<sup>2</sup> Antony had given proof of audacity. He had directed the expedition with energy and had won the confidence of an army as incongruous as it was numerous. He had accomplished his retreat without serious damage, except for the losses due to the mistake of his lieutenant Gallus. But his irreparable fault had been committed at the outset when he divided his army and allowed the enemy to seize his siege battery.

Would any others have had better success—even Cæsar himself? In battle with Vercingetorix the conqueror of the Gauls had come very near being overwhelmed. Alexander, it is true, had vanquished the Parthians; but Crassus had failed miserably. The Parthian army was very strong and its cavalry was reputed to be the best of any. The conquest of Persia was quite a different matter from the conquest of Syria and Pontus.

In Italy Octavius seemed by no means disposed to take advantage of that defeat. On the contrary, he showed himself well disposed towards Antony, and Octavia, not wishing her rival to have all the credit of relieving the destitution of the soldiers who had been saved from the disaster, easily obtained her brother's consent to her



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joining Antony in Asia Minor. By this means, it is true, Octavius forced Antony to declare openly in the East, which considered him henceforth as the husband of the Egyptian woman, which of the two was his real wife. He had even placed in Octavia's charge a large detachment to fill the gaps which the war had created in Antony's legions—a very clever stroke. Octavia also took with her clothes and money for the troops and a quantity of presents for Antony's officers and friends.

It was no ordinary undertaking for a great Roman lady like Octavia, the wife and sister of two of the triumvirs, to put herself at the head of a large body of cavalry and 2000 picked troops equipped as prætorians, and set out for Asia by forced marches to join her unfaithful husband and carry him aid. But at Athens she found explicit instructions from Antony to await him there. Like all good Roman wives obedient to their husbands she halted her march; but, wounded by Antony's order, she sent to him one of his friends, named Niger.

Cleopatra, who felt certain that Octavia came only in order to vie with her for Antony's affection, took every step to keep him from having an interview that might be disastrous to herself. She did not hide from herself that in spite of everything Octavia, with her virtue, her wisdom, her upright conduct and the support of all her brother's power, not to mention her charms—"which were in no respect inferior to Cleopatra's,"—or her caresses, might reconquer Antony, now so depressed and more uncertain than ever.

Consequently, this intelligent and clever queen made

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herself appear to be more in love than before, and by this means every day increased her influence over Antony, who was easily dominated by women. In order to make herself still more interesting, she allowed herself to pine away, taking very little food. "Whenever Antony entered her apartment," Plutarch relates, "she wore an anxious and astonished look, and when he quitted it he left her languishing and dejected. She would even contrive to be surprised in tears, which she would affect to hide and wipe away hurriedly, as though to conceal them from him."

Moreover, the Queen's friends and courtiers, and those that were interested in her fortune for their own ends, overwhelmed Antony with reproaches. How could he be so cruel as to kill this poor woman who had no one but him and lived for him alone! True enough, Octavia was also his wife, but she was so only *in partibus*, and remained such only on account of her brother and for interested reasons; whereas Cleopatra, queen of so many peoples and his chosen wife, was disdainfully treated as though no more than an ordinary concubine. And yet her love for him was so great that provided she could enjoy the presence and the society of the man she had the right to call her husband, she would think nothing of the humiliations she was caused. If, however, she were abandoned she would die of grief.<sup>3</sup>

These reproaches and arguments, and particularly his fear that Cleopatra might put an end to her life, led him to come to a decision. He abandoned the Medes and Parthians, notwithstanding that they were more than ever troubled by seditions and revolts, sent Octavia back

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from Athens to her brother and without further delay set out with Cleopatra on the road for Alexandria.

In Alexandria their life once more resembled that of the happiest days of bygone years, while in Rome Octavia entreated her brother not to reply to the affront that had been offered them. "It would be infamous," she said, "for the two masters of the world to involve all the Romans in a civil war, one for the love of a woman, the other for a sister's jealousy." And, calm and dignified, she continued to live at the conjugal residence, devoting herself to the care and education of the children that had been intrusted to her, even receiving Antony's friends who came to Rome on the turncoat's business, and putting at their service the credit she enjoyed with her brother. Octavia was indeed a kind woman. She had that goodness of nature which finds its pleasure in the happiness of others—not a common virtue in the Roman world, nor in the whole of antiquity. "Thus, without wishing to do so and with the best of intentions," Plutarch shrewdly remarks, "she did Antony considerable harm, for his unjust treatment of so meritorious and virtuous a woman drew upon him the ill will of everyone."<sup>4</sup>

However, Antony was not content to lie under the shadow of the failure of the Persian campaign. Cleopatra had, indeed, left him the illusion of exercising royal authority with her: they dispensed justice together. Furthermore, he adopted the clothes, manners and the magnificence of the East. He allowed a temple in his honor to be begun.<sup>5</sup> He busied himself with the instruc-

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tion of Cæsarion; he had the twins educated like Asiatic princes, choosing for them an illustrious savant, Nicolas of Damascus.<sup>6</sup> But all this only made his subjection more insupportable; he was in reality only the Queen's husband. In order to free himself from all this he contemplated going to punish Artavasdes, the King of Armenia, for having deserted him at the beginning of the Persian campaign. He was strongly urged to take this step by Cleopatra, who believed it would provide him with a diversion.

In the spring of 34 B. C., therefore, he set out with his legions on the conquest of Armenia. The expedition was nothing but a military excursion all the way to Artaxata. Without striking a blow he took the king prisoner, compelled him to betroth his daughter to the young Alexander Helios, aged seven, and soon after succeeded in seizing the royal treasures. As the ministers of the King of Armenia seemed disposed to put up a resistance, the country was pillaged. Even the very rich and venerated sanctuary of Anaitis, the Venus Urania of the Armenians and Lydians, whose worship was accompanied by very immodest ceremonies and to whom the most beautiful maidens were consecrated, was not spared. The temple, indeed, housed a statue of the goddess in solid gold, which had aroused the covetousness of the soldiers. After having smashed it to pieces they divided it amongst them, and were no more respectful towards the consecrated priestesses. But these women yielded their bodies to all that came to offer a sacrifice to the divinity.

Once Antony had obtained possession of the royal treasures the marriage of Alexander Helios to the King

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of Armenia's daughter no longer served any useful purpose. The betrothal was broken off and Antony asked and obtained for this son of his and Cleopatra's the hand of Jotape, the daughter of the King of Media.

These things accomplished, Antony returned to Alexandria, taking with him the King of Armenia, his family and his immense treasures. This booty enriched him for some time. He would no longer need to go a-begging or draw upon the treasures of the Lagidæ. Then, too, in default of Persia it was still a conquest, which apparently made him both happy and proud.

He even celebrated it by a triumph, "copied from the imposing ceremony which up to that time only Rome and its Capitol had witnessed."<sup>7</sup> This spectacle, which was something new for Alexandria and in which Artavasdes, the King of Armenia, and his wife, loaded with gold chains, followed the triumpher's car, delighted the city of the Ptolemies, but greatly displeased Rome.

This triumphal return took place during the summer of 34 B. C.—year of Rome 720. In the autumn, yielding once more to the wish of Cleopatra, whose influence over him seemed to grow daily, he resolved upon a supreme gesture. It was destined to be nothing more than a gesture, and was to have no other result than to crown the dissatisfaction of the Romans. In this act they believed that Antony showed a complete disregard for his dignity as a Roman citizen and hostility toward his country. But, Florus remarks, it is indeed necessary to be a king in order to possess a queen.

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One day in the autumn of 34 B. C., in the Gymnasium, a sort of immense park filled with buildings and porticoes, near the Museum and the mausoleum of Alexander,<sup>8</sup> the people were assembled for a solemn proclamation from their living gods—Cleopatra Isis and Antony Dionysus or Osiris.

Cleopatra, guarded by the legionaries that Antony had given her, took her place upon a throne of solid gold, with her husband on her right. At their feet were their divine offspring—the twins Alexander Helios and Cleopatra Selene, together with Cæsarion and the infant Philadelphus.

While the Queen was bedecked in the divine adornments ordinarily worn by the queens of Egypt at official ceremonies, a sample of which is preserved for us in a painting in the temple of Hathor Euergetes II on the island of Philæ,<sup>9</sup> this was the first time she had put on the robe consecrated to the goddess Isis—a multicolored robe, signifying that Isis was the queen of all the worlds. Attached to her waist by a girdle, it was supported by a pair of ribbons passing over her naked bust, leaving her breasts partly uncovered. The skirt fitted her so tightly from the waist to the lower part of the thighs that it seemed designed to reveal the lines of her body rather than conceal them. It must have impeded the Queen when she walked, but insertions in the sides of the skirt lent a graceful elasticity to her movements, especially when she took little steps.

Her ample and heavy dark blue peruke, surmounted by two long, straight yellow feathers, left the ears un-

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covered and fell down her back. It was encircled by a narrow red ribbon, bearing as a frontlet upon the brow the golden *uræus*, darting its little asp's head, the distinctive ornament of the divine headdress (in hieroglyphics *uræus* means goddess"). It was the symbol of royalty, just as the two feathers were the insignia of the highest sovereignty. At the base of the feathers was a red sun disk, from which arose two ram's horns of green, emblems of generative ardor.

A wide necklace, finely chased, bracelets on the upper parts of her arms and her wrists, and anklets completed her adornment. The fingers of her right hand, stained red, held the sacred *thau*, an anserated cross, the symbol of divine life, whilst her left hand leaned on an acacia rod five feet long, topped by a lotus flower. This was the royal scepter.

Antony had not dared to put on the blue-green garment of Osiris. That would have been in the eyes of all a sacrilege, for to the Egyptians the Roman was after all only the Queen's husband, the King Consort. As such, he wore the elaborate Egyptian dress—a purple robe, fastened by a clasp of large precious stones, with a scimitar at his side, a diadem on his brow and a golden scepter in his hand.

When the assembly had been opened by a shrill flourish of trumpets, Antony before an immense crowd solemnly proclaimed Cleopatra Queen of Kings, and sovereign not only of Egypt, but also of Cyprus, Cœlesyria and Africa, except Libya. No less solemnly he declared Cæsarion the legitimate son of Cæsar, his mother's colleague and

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successor to her realms, with the title of King of Kings.<sup>10</sup> Next he presented to the people the two sons he had had of Cleopatra. To the elder, Alexander Helios, who wore a Median robe and the tiara and high, pointed hat of the Persians, he gave Armenia, Media and all the countries of the Parthians; but this latter gift was made in anticipation, for those countries had first to be conquered. To the younger, Philadelphus, whom he proclaimed Ptolemy, and who as such, in spite of the fact that he was only three, wore a long cloak, slippers and cap encircled with a diadem in the manner of the kings succeeding Alexander, he gave Phœnicia, Syria and Cilicia; finally, to the young Cleopatra Selene he assigned Libya, including Cyrenaica, probably as far as the Greater Syrtis.

After having saluted and kissed the divine couple, the three little princes reviewed the bodyguards that had been given them: the guard of Alexander Helios was composed of Medes and Armenians, that of Philadelphus of Macedonians, and Cæsarion's of Roman legionaries.

If that distribution gave Cleopatra reason to believe that she had at last raised her realm from the humble position it had occupied for two centuries, and that, without imposing any sacrifice on Egypt, she had reconstituted by her own efforts what had been the kingdom of the Lagidæ,<sup>11</sup> it also aroused the resentment of Rome and exasperated Octavius. Moreover, to proclaim Cæsarion the legitimate son of Cæsar was to make Octavius out to be a usurper of the Dictator's name and property.



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From that moment the relations between the two triumvirs became extremely strained, and reserve entirely dropped out of their communications. Octavius reproached Antony with leading an effeminate and voluptuous existence, and with making his virtuous wife Octavia thoroughly miserable; to all which Antony replied that he questioned the right of the man who was divorced from Scribonia and whose second marriage to Livia Drusilla was an adulterous one to lecture him:

"What has changed your attitude toward me? Is it because I sleep with a queen? But she is my wife. And have I just begun or have I done so for nine years? And besides, have you only Drusilla? I hope this letter will find you well, so well that you will not have displeased Tertulla, or Terentilla, or Rufilla, or Salvia, or Titisenia, or the whole lot of them together.<sup>12</sup> What, indeed, does it matter where or by whom one's passions are inflamed!"

And piling up his reproaches, he accused Octavius of having taken the wife of an ex-consul, in her husband's presence, from the dining room to his own room, and brought her back to the table with red ears and disordered hair. He also accused him of making use of his friends to find him mistresses, in which pursuit they would even strip mothers of families and young girls of marriageable age and inspect them as they would have done the slaves sold by Toranius. Moreover, he upbraided him for the famous banquet, called "the feast of the twelve divinities," at which the guests were dressed as gods and goddesses. In the words of the distich of Ennius:

Juno, Vesta, Minerva, Ceres, Diana, Venus, Mars,  
Mercurius, Jovis, Neptunus, Vulcanus, Apollo.

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Octavius was Apollo, and an anonymous wit wrote the following verses on the sacrilegious banquet :

When the guests made Augustus president,  
When Malea saw six gods and goddesses assembled;  
And impious Cæsar played the rôle of Apollo;  
Then all the divinities fled from the earth,  
And Jupiter himself forsook his golden throne.

This secret feast was all the more talked about since there was at the time a famine in Rome. "Haven't the gods eaten all the wheat?" it was ironically asked the next day.<sup>13</sup>

But according to Seutonius, the adulterous love affairs and excesses of Octavius were the product of shrewdness rather than debauchery, since he was more or less indifferent to love : he used women only in order to see the more easily through the schemes of their husbands or lovers. The two brothers-in-law even reproached each other with their conduct towards the third triumvir—the unfortunate Lepidus—to whom, however, neither of them had scarcely given a thought till then.

The rupture between Antony and Octavius seemed inevitable.



—· IX ·—

GREAT PLANS AND LITTLE DEEDS



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**D**URING the year 33 B. C.—721 of Rome—Antony had returned to his great project—a new campaign against the Medes and Parthians. With the prosecution of this plan in mind he immediately ordered his lieutenant Canidius to take sixteen of his legions to Ephesus. There the fleet that Antony hoped to get together was also to assemble—about 800 sail, counting the ships of burden. Cleopatra for her share had furnished 200 vessels, 20,000 talents and food for the entire army during the expedition.

Antony, on the advice of his Roman friends, would have preferred that the Queen stayed in Egypt till the end of the war. But Cleopatra knew Antony's weakness, and feared that by the intervention of Octavia he might be reconciled to Octavius, and that her rival might recapture her husband, who, indeed, was also Octavia's. Accordingly, she tried to persuade Antony that it was unjust to keep away from the war a princess who was making so large a contribution to it, and that it was also unwise, for to do so would displease the Egyptians who constituted the greater part of his naval force. Furthermore she did not consider herself inferior either in prudence or wisdom to any of the princes and kings that were in his army, inasmuch as she had ruled a great kingdom and during the long time that they had lived together had learned from him how to handle wisely and skillfully

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the greatest and most difficult affairs. Cleopatra's contentions seemed to Antony unanswerable, and the couple sailed for Ephesus.<sup>1</sup>

Ephesus was a flourishing city of Ionia, on the Ægean Sea, at the mouth of the Caystrus, to the south of Smyrna. At that time it was famous chiefly for its temple of Diana, which was burned down by the crazy Herostratus and restored in the time of Alexander.

"While practically the whole world," says Plutarch, "was filled with sighs and lamentations, one city alone resounded with piping and harping; its theaters were always full; everywhere were to be seen choruses competing for the prize for tragedy and comedy."

In the narrow streets and the taverns, amidst women of all races and colors, refugees from miserable holes and lupanars, half-clad or dressed up in transparent fabrics which revealed what still remained of their charms, thronged in merry and noisy groups the men of Antony's nineteen legions, arrogant and disdainful, proud of wearing the costume of the Roman soldier. There were tall and powerful Gauls, with long red hair curled up on the crown of their heads, thick drooping moustaches, fair complexions and blue eyes, calm and dignified in their short leather *saga*; Moorish warriors of haughty bearing, their bronzed skins loaded with bracelets; thickset Cappadocian archers, with a crafty and evil look, whose gait was made the more clumsy by their heavy buskins; Greek Hoplites, whose slender waists were encircled by iron belts, proud of the feathers in their bronze helmets; Lydians, the most effeminate of the Asiatics, dressed in women's robes and wearing earrings; Carians,

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covered with amulets against wounds and death; horsemen from Paphlagonia, coarse and vulgar, but garrulous and much given to bragging; and square-shouldered Egyptian seamen, half-naked in their short white waistcloths. All of these men—freedmen, mercenaries or slaves—completely brutish, smelling evilly, occasionally covered with pustules or vermin, or marked by deep scars and callosities,<sup>2</sup> some accompanied by Molossian dogs, others carrying strange beasts as fetiches, were jealous and scornful of each other, abused each other in the most varied tongues, and on the slightest provocation got into disputes and quarrels which quickly became bloody brawls.

Kings, governors, tetrarchs, nations and cities vied with each other in sending to Ephesus all that could provide a distraction for two such great personages as the King and Queen of Egypt. The society called the *Amimetobioi*, or Inimitable Livers, of the joyful days of Alexandria, was even reconstituted. Each strove to outdo the others in offering sumptuous banquets and superb presents, so that critics were moved to say: "What will all these kings not do in celebrating their victory if they give such magnificent feasts in preparing for the war!"

Antony showed himself no less generous. To the comedians and musicians that had pleased him he gave an entire city—Priene, in Ionia.

But not all the Romans in Antony's party approved of that orgy. On his departure from Alexandria he had



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proclaimed and made publicly known in Rome that all his efforts were to be directed toward delivering the Republic from the tyranny of Octavius and restoring the Republican constitution. With this program he had drawn to his side all who still had any affection for the Republic, and many felt more respect for Antony personally than for Octavius. They had more confidence in him and preferred that he should undertake the task of restoring peace and order in Italy. And so in spite of the gifts of Alexandria large numbers of Romans went to join him in Ephesus. In spite of his faults and the failure of the Persian campaign, Antony retained the reputation of being a remarkable general and even a distinguished orator. No one, at all events, believed him capable of sacrificing the interests of Rome to those of Egypt, and it was thought that he would recognize the necessity of a definite rupture with the Egyptian woman, so much hated by Italy.

It was not without astonishment that these emigrants to Ephesus found Cleopatra, the sovereign mistress, issuing, from the couch on which she would recline a part of the day beneath the fine veil that protected her delicate skin from the sting of mosquitoes, orders to everyone, even Roman senators. The latter, whom money had made compliant, called her their queen. True enough, she displayed before them the sumptuous equipment of her palace, her women, eunuchs, carpets, gold plate and precious objects, and took the lead in the orgy, as though she wished to intoxicate all these men in order to push them the more easily over the precipice.

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Amongst those hostile to Cleopatra was a man highly esteemed although he was one of Cæsar's murderers. After the battle of Philippi he had collected the remains of the Republican troops, and that same year, by Antony's favor, had been consul. This man—Domitius Ahenobarbus—undertook to wrest Antony from the Queen's influence.

The struggle was a bitter one. At one moment it seemed that Ahenobarbus would triumph. Antony actually ordered Cleopatra to return to Egypt. A liberal distribution of bribes, however, finally resulted in Antony's reversing the order he had only half-heartedly given. But as the beginning of the campaign was once more postponed and Cleopatra deemed it expedient to take Antony away from all the influences she considered pernicious, she persuaded him to quit Ephesus.

After having stayed a few days at Samos, on the nearby island of the same name, the couple sailed on the great royal galley, the *Antoniad*, for Athens.

In that city in which six years before Antony had forgotten Cleopatra in Octavia's society, their life of festivities, over which Bacchus presided, once more began.

The Queen and her suite had to be lodged in a large house quite near the Acropolis which in no wise resembled a palace.<sup>3</sup> Cleopatra nevertheless bounteously offered the Athenian people games and representations at the theater. She remembered, indeed, the honors Athens had paid Octavia. Jealous of them, she was desirous of also winning the good will of the people.

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This she found the more easy to do since Athens was happy because the presence of the Queen of Egypt and her court had restored a certain amount of activity to that city. The city of Minerva lived chiefly upon its reputation of other times, and had no other source of income than the young men who went to complete their studies within its walls. Its commerce, which not long before had been very flourishing with the eastern countries, had been stolen from it by Delos and Puteoli, which had become the great slave market and the entrepôt of the grain trade respectively. Even its silver mines at Laurium now yielded nothing; the city's population had considerably decreased and there were only very few private fortunes. All that remained to the city were the monuments of its magnificent past.

The Athenians therefore conferred on her even greater honors than they had lavished on her rival. At the head of a delegation of the principal personages of the city, Antony, who had been received as a citizen of Athens, came to pay her the city's respects. Nor was their adulation of the Roman any less extravagant. The Athenians conceived the idea of betrothing Antony Dionysus to their Pallas Athena. Antony laughed up his sleeve and asked for the dowry, which he imperatively fixed at a million drachmas. Athens then had good reason to regret its sycophancy.<sup>4</sup>

If Cleopatra had only stopped at that, the irreparable might never have happened. But, veritably obsessed by the thought of Octavia, she did not rest till she had got

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Antony's promise to repudiate her. Antony was weak enough to assent to the plan, and in the spring of 722—32 B. C.—he dispatched a message to Rome in which he definitely repudiated the sister of Octavius, and formally ordered her to leave the family home.

Octavia, still submissive, but in tears, left the house, taking with her Antony's children, whose charge she continued to assume. In kindness and devotion how superior is woman to man! Nevertheless, Octavia was deeply grieved by this iniquitous act. Until then she had cherished the hope that Antony, always so inconstant, would grow weary of his Egyptian woman and return to his Roman home. For the kind and virtuous Octavia loved Antony, in spite of the wrongs he had done her; but the Roman woman of that time was indulgent to the man's weakness and inconstancy, and forgave. Octavia loved him with a love that was true and loyal. Her love was not the resigned love of a Calpurnia, the passionate love of a Servilia, the perverse love of a Clodia, the political love of a Cleopatra, nor the imperious and brutal love of a Fulvia. Hers was a wholesome love. She loved him for the four peaceful and happy years they had spent together, for all that was, notwithstanding everything, good, generous and spontaneous in Antony, for the two little Antonias whom she cherished and to whom she could not believe their father was completely indifferent. Without doubt, Antony also had loved her. But it is the common law of humanity that one will love when the other loves no more. Love, of no matter what kind it

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may be, is always more brief than life. But what Octavia could not forgive herself for was that she was undoubtedly to be one of the causes of the civil war.

Exasperated by this latest weakness of Antony, which they considered infamous, two of his principal friends, the consulars Titius and Plancus—the Romans gave the name of consular to all who had held the rank of consul—left him and went over to Octavius. Cleopatra had, indeed, always treated them with very little respect because they were strongly opposed to her being with Antony and the army.

On their return to Rome their first act was to tell Octavius that Antony had confided to them that he had had deposited with the Vestal Virgins a will whose contents they declared they knew. In this, they informed him, the triumvir had divided up the Roman Empire. Octavius, believing that he need no longer have any scruples in the matter, ordered the Vestalis Maxima to send him the will. But everything placed in the hands of the Vestal Virgins was inviolable and considered sacred by them. The Vestalis Maxima therefore refused to comply with Octavius's unreasonable demand, and replied that if he wanted the will he would have to go and take it by force. This he did without hesitation, and after having learned its contents convoked the Senate to hear it read. Most of the senators appeared to be scandalized at the outrage that had been committed. Such a sacrilege seemed to them intolerable, and they did not admit that a man could be reproached in his lifetime with what he had ordered to be done only after his death and still had

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time to revoke. Moreover, the provisions of the will dealt with nothing but his burial: he desired that, if he should die in Rome, his body should be carried in state to Alexandria and delivered to Cleopatra.

The Senate was manifestly impressed by the reading of the will, and Calvisius, one of Octavius's friends, began to speak, recalling all the things with which, irrespective of the will, Antony could be charged. Had he not procreated children more or less indiscriminately, to the detriment of his legitimate offspring? Did he not give Cleopatra the library of Pergamus, composed of 200,000 volumes? During a banquet, in the presence of Roman notabilities, had he not risen from the table and touched Cleopatra's foot as a signal for one of their lovers' rendezvous? Had he not allowed the Ephesians in his presence to call Cleopatra their sovereign? Had he not on many an occasion, when seated upon the tribunal engaged in dispensing justice to kings and tetrarchs, received love letters from the Egyptian queen on tablets of crystal and carnelian, and immediately read them without the least shame? And did he not one day when Furnius, a Roman of high rank and famous as an orator, was pleading a case before him suddenly terminate the hearing and rush to the feet of Cleopatra who was passing in her litter?

The friends that Antony still had in the Senate protested against such accusations, which they held to be without foundation. He had, indeed, assured them that all these stories were pure nonsense. As to the charge of having procreated children more or less anywhere he had replied that the founder of his family sprang from Her-

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cules, who did not wish to limit his descendants to the children of a single wife, and, fearing neither the laws of Solon nor the sentences which the courts passed on those who violated the marriage laws, had created the strains of several families by leaving children in various places. Regarding the gifts he had made Cleopatra, he believed that "the greatness of the Roman Empire was much less evident in its conquests than in its presents." <sup>5</sup>

Nevertheless, his friends in Rome sent one of their number, Geminius, to him to urge him to be on his guard and to take care he was not declared an enemy of the Roman people. This messenger seemed suspicious to Cleopatra, who was convinced that he had come to talk to Antony about Octavia. Her attitude toward Geminius, whom she gave the lowest place at the table and ridiculed and taunted at every opportunity, made her one more enemy, notwithstanding that he patiently bore with her insults. "Mockery is the least pardonable of all injuries," Plato has said. But Geminius believed that an insult that is disregarded misses its mark, whereas anger only enhances it.<sup>6</sup> He only waited for the opportunity to have a private interview with Antony.

One day, when the latter ordered him to declare at the table and in the presence of the Queen what business had brought him there, Geminius replied that what he had to say was in no sense table talk, and that he would make it known to him the next day in a sober hour; but that what he knew and could say was that all would go well if Cleopatra went back to Egypt. This reply incensed Antony, and Cleopatra said to Geminius in an icy tone: "You have done very well, Geminius, to speak the truth

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without being put to torture." Geminius realized that nothing could be done with the bewitched Antony. Without more ado he slipped away and returned to Rome.

His departure was followed by many others. Antony's best friends and most faithful followers preferred to leave him rather than suffer the abuse, insolence and ridicule which Cleopatra heaped upon them daily.

The cup was indeed full. Octavius decided to demand satisfaction of this colleague who, according to him, prostituted himself in the arms of a foreign woman, offered his sister the worst of insults and used the property of the Roman people as his own. War—a merciless war—was inevitable. That the two rivals understood very well, and they began their preparations.

Antony knew that he could no longer think of the campaign against the Medes and the Parthians. The army and fleet assembled at Ephesus must be sent out towards Greece, and take part in the struggle of the East against the West from which once more a conqueror was to arise.

But this time the struggle was to be decisive.





— · X · —  
ACTIUM



## ACTIUM

**O**CTAVIUS informed the Roman people of his intentions. When he had made his decision, he declared in the Forum that "Cleopatra, by the use of drafts and love charms, had so completely bewitched Antony that he was no longer in his right mind; that it was not a war of Octavius against Antony, but a war of Cleopatra against Rome, or rather of Mardion the eunuch, Pothinus, Iras, Cleopatra's hairdressing woman, and Charmion, who dealt with the most important affairs of that country."

For eight months the two adversaries remained in a state of expectancy. Antony, who was staying at Patras with Cleopatra and some of the Roman senators and princes of the East, had anchored his fleet near the promontory of Actium, a little town in the north of Greece, opposite Epirus, at the entrance to the Gulf of Ambracia, on the Ionian Sea where later on Octavius was to build the city of Nicopolis, now called Preveza-Vecchia.

Antony had at least 500 ships of war, most of them with eight or ten banks of oars. They were difficult to maneuver and furthermore lacked their full complement of rowers, for during the winter famine and sickness had swept away a third of their crews. To fill the gaps it had been necessary to requisition the travelers, harvesters, mule drivers, slaves and even boys that they had been

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able to find in wretched Greece, which had already suffered so heavily.<sup>1</sup>

His army, which camped on the promontory, was composed of 200,000 foot soldiers and 12,000 cavalry. Under his order, several kings, his allies, fought in person: Bocchus, King of Mauretania; Tarcondemus, the ruler of Northern Cilicia; Archelaus, King of Cappadocia; Philadelphus, King of Paphlagonia; Mithradates, King of Commagene; Sadalas and Rhœmetalces, princes of Thrace; Amyntas, King of Galacia. Others had sent troops, excusing themselves for not being able to come in person. Among these were the King of Pontus; the King of the Arabs; Herod, King of the Jews; and the King of the Lycaonians. Even the King of the Medes had sent him a considerable reënforcement. All these kings, feeling themselves menaced by the Roman undertaking, sought to establish an empire in the East which should be independent of Rome. Naturally, this did not mean that their peoples would have done with war and plunder; it merely meant that they would then be free to rend and pillage each other to their hearts' content without outside interference.

The fleet of Octavius, which was concentrated in the Italian ports of Tarentum and Brundisium (Brindisi) on the other side of the Ionian Sea almost opposite Actium, contained scarcely 250 ships. Octavius had, indeed, left his vessels equipped with towers in the ports of Italy, as they were too clumsy and unwieldy, and had equipped only the light craft taken from Sextus Pompey and from the Libernians in the war of Illyria. If these

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vessels were not very high-built or magnificent, they were nevertheless light, suited to all uses, well armed and plentifully supplied with rowers and all necessary equipment. His land army comprised 80,000 foot soldiers and nearly as many horsemen as Antony's.

The two adversaries provoked one another in the manner of the heroes of Homer. Octavius sent word to Antony that it was useless to spend any more time in delay, and that he awaited him with the whole of his forces. He added that he would leave him the roads and harbors to shelter his fleet, and would withdraw his land troops a day's journey on horseback, which would enable Antony to disembark his men and encamp in complete safety. Antony replied that he preferred to meet him in single combat, although he himself was the older man. If, however, Octavius shunned a single combat in the presence of their armies, like that of Horatius and Curiatius in bygone days, he would meet him in a pitched battle on the plains of Pharsalia, where Cæsar and Pompey had come face to face. In reality Antony was anxious to give his cohorts and legions time to arrive from the principal parts of Greece.

But one day he was amazed to find that the fleet of Octavius had crossed the Ionian Sea and landed an army in Epirus; that both army and fleet, rapidly moving southward, had seized the little maritime town of Toryne, in Epirus, and that the vessels were lying in the neighboring harbor of Comarus, while the army was encamped on a neighboring hill, now called Mikalitzì. Antony's dismay at this turn of events was all the greater because the con-

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centration of his land army was not yet complete. Cleopatra, however, joked about the name Toryne. "Is it, then, so terrible," she asked, "that Octavius sits by the fire and skims the pot?" (The Greek word Toryne means "ladle.")<sup>2</sup>

At dawn next day Antony, seeing that the enemy fleet was bearing down on him, and fearing that it might overpower his ill-manned ships, had the oars fixed so that they projected from the vessels' sides and stationed the rowers upon the deck. The prows of the vessels were turned toward the enemy, so as to give the fleet the appearance of being ready for the attack. Octavius, deceived by this stratagem, retired.

But Antony had already to reckon with desertions. Two of the chief men in his party—Dellius and Domitius Ahenobarbus—along with two kings went over to the side of Octavius. Dellius was one of Antony's best friends, and it was he who, when Antony had sent him to attract Cleopatra to Tarsus, had declared to her that the great Roman was the best and kindest of generals. But since then he had lost all confidence in Antony. "When distrust begins friendship ends."<sup>3</sup>

Dellius and Domitius carried strange tidings to Octavius. Antony, according to them, was thinking of withdrawing to Egypt with Cleopatra, of abandoning his army without fighting a real battle, and of only putting up a sham fight on sea in order to cover his retreat.<sup>4</sup>

How could Antony and Cleopatra have envisaged such a contingency? And how could the two fugitives have known of such a project, which must have been kept very

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secret? Had Antony imprudently confided it to one of them? "We often regret having spoken, but never having kept silent," says Plutarch.

True enough, the battle of Actium and all that preceded and followed it was strange indeed. It can scarcely be said that a spirit of confidence reigned in Antony's camp. Antony himself seemed to have lost hope of being victorious. He was much disturbed by unlucky omens. Perspiration had been seen trickling down the statues of Hercules, with whom he had so often identified himself, and blood had appeared upon a wax bust of Antony.

Nevertheless, he placed on his own vessels 20,000 soldiers and 2,000 archers dressed as legionaries. Did Antony, then, mistrust the Egyptian fleet? As soon as he had resolved to fight at sea—or at least, put up a pretense of fighting—he had all the Egyptian vessels burned except sixty, which were left to protect Cleopatra. These steps he justified by declaring that he knew too well the cowardice of the Egyptians, and feared that once the fight began they might take to flight and throw the fleet into disorder.

On that and the three following days the sea was too rough for an engagement. But on the fifth—it was the fourth day before the Nones of September, 724 of Rome (September 2, 30 B. C.)—the wind dropped and the sea became calm. The two fleets prepared for action.

Antony led the right wing with Publicola; he had given Cœlius the left wing, and Marcus Justeius commanded the center. Octavius had given the command of his left wing to Agrippa, his center to Arruntius, retaining com-



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mand of the right wing himself. On land, Canidius was at the head of Antony's army, and Taurus was in charge of the forces of Octavius. Drawn up in battle array on the coast, the two armies watched each other without a movement. Antony went along his lines in a light vessel, and exhorted his soldiers to hold their ground as though they were on land, which the solidness of the vessels would enable them to do. He ordered the pilots to receive the enemy's attacks as firmly as if they were at anchor, and in particular to take care not to go through the straits at the mouth of the gulf.

During this time Octavius had had a chance meeting with a man and an ass which he took to be favorable, for he was very superstitious.<sup>5</sup> The man was named Euty-chus (Fortunate) and his ass Nikon (Victor). It was indeed a happy omen.<sup>6</sup>

When he had been rowed in his light vessel over to the right wing Antony was astonished to find that Octavius's fleet lay in the straits without a movement. In the distance the fleet was so motionless that it appeared to be at anchor. Suspecting a trick, Antony held back his fleet at a distance of eight stadia. At the sixth hour of the day a light breeze sprang up from the sea, and the left wing of Antony's fleet became restless. Octavius, overjoyed by this movement, drew back his right wing so as more effectually to entice the enemy through the straits.

The fight began. In the words of Florus, "the sea groaned beneath the weight of ships." The vessels did

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not ram or charge each other, for Antony's craft, on account of their great bulk, were incapable of violent movement and entirely unable to rend the sides of the enemy ships in spite of the strong and firm brass beaks on their prows. On the other hand, Octavius's vessels, which were light, avoided presenting their prows and did not dare to attack the enemy on their sides. For had they done so their own ships' bows would have been shattered no matter where they struck Antony's huge vessels, which were in a sense armored. In reality, the engagement resembled an assault on a fortress, for each of Antony's ships was set upon by three or four of Octavius's galleys, which assailed the enemy craft with poles, spears, pikes and javelins, and hurled fire pots as was the practice in the storming of a city. To these attacks Antony's vessels replied by showers of enormous missiles which they hurled from their towers of several stories, without, however, doing much damage.

While the struggle was still undecided the sixty Egyptian ships, which were in the rear, were all at once seen to hoist their sails and make for the open sea through the midst of the combatants, throwing them into confusion as they passed between them. Octavius watched their flight with astonishment, recalling, however, that Dellius and Domitius had predicted such a thing when they left Antony's party.

The little red-sailed Egyptian fleet, carried along by a fair wind, set off in the direction of the Peloponnesus. Cleopatra was indeed returning to Egypt—not, however, without having had her treasure and possessions of value

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put aboard her ships under cover of night. But—more surprising still—Antony shortly afterward abandoned the men that were fighting and laying down their lives for him, boarded a five-oared galley accompanied only by Alexander the Syrian, and, urging on the hortator who beat the time for the slave rowers, sought to overtake his Egyptian queen, whose fleet had rounded Cape Tænarium.<sup>7</sup>

In the meantime Octavius's light ships had set out in their pursuit. When they had almost come up with Cleopatra's galley, Antony had already gone aboard it. Like a wounded animal brought to bay, he ordered the pilot to turn the galley's prow toward the pursuers, and, bearing down upon them, drove them off.

The mystery surrounding the flight of the Queen and King of Egypt, the latter of whom withdrew without a fight although he had a more powerful army and fleet than his adversary, was not fathomed by Plutarch, Dion or any of the ancient historians. It seems, however, to have been cleared up by recent historians, notably by G. Ferrero.

As that writer sees it, there was a conflict of political interests between Antony and Cleopatra, mingled with bitter quarrels—which does not suggest the love idyl conceived by the writers of antiquity and handed down by them in legendary fashion. Antony was evidently still too much a Roman not to realize that if he withdrew to Egypt he would have to betray his friends, give up Rome for good and be content henceforth to play the public rôle of Alexander in the East, without the certainty of

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being able to take his legions—however heterogeneous their elements might be—back to Egypt and keep them there. But at that time Antony had been weakened more by hardships, political and military struggles and, in particular, debauchery than by age. Had he not for some time lost touch with reality and control of his mental faculties? His return to Cleopatra after his union with Octavia, his marriage to the Egyptian woman, his accepting to be the prince consort of a queen of the East, the gift of Alexandria, the repudiation of the sister of Octavius, his conduct at Ephesus—did not all these tend to place him at the mercy of the skillful sophisms of people more cunning and shrewd than himself?

Cleopatra, on the other hand, had reasons for all her actions and knew what she wanted. If she had demanded the repudiation of Octavia, she had been moved not so much by jealousy as the desire to compromise Antony so deeply with Rome that it would be impossible for him to revoke the gifts of Alexandria. This end accomplished, what need was there for her to risk the uncertain fate of arms? Cleopatra now dreaded victory as much as defeat. True, if Antony were beaten and his fleet and, in particular, his armies destroyed, they would both be at the mercy of Octavius. Antony a conqueror would be even worse. He would become, it is true, the master of the world, but he would also become the prisoner of the Roman party and be obliged to return to Italy, as had been the case with Cæsar after the taking of Alexandria. Rome would recapture him. It would be a triumph for Antony; but on the other hand the Roman party, whose hostility she well knew, would regain posses-

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sion of him. What would then become of her Egyptian empire? Would she have to go to Rome once more to reconquer Antony, as in other days she had reconquered Cæsar? If not, then Egypt, which he would need no more, would be relegated to the position of a Roman province. No, there must be no decisive engagement, only the semblance of a battle. After their retreat to Egypt with the thirty legions intact—the legions at Actium and those stationed throughout the East—Octavius would not dare to attack them. Antony could officially take the title of King of Egypt, establish the new dynasty and found the empire of the East. A bold program, but also a very sensible one! What means should be used to persuade Antony to adopt it? A few smiles and a few caresses. Love need not even enter into the scheme.

However, it was as necessary for Cleopatra as for Antony to keep the project secret. Canidius alone seems to have been in their confidence. Having discovered Antony's intentions, Dellius and Ahenobarbus, realizing that he intended to betray the Roman cause, left him, without his comprehending the warning conveyed by these desertions.

At Actium Antony's flight had passed unremarked. Such a thing, indeed, seemed incredible for no one would have dreamt that a man who still had nineteen entire legions and 12,000 cavalry would have abandoned them and taken to flight. Everyone expected to see him appear in due course at some point or other of the battle.

The fleet long resisted all the efforts of Octavius. But at last, greatly distressed by a strong gale which sprang

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up and blew right ahead of the ships, it was obliged to surrender at about the tenth hour. Five thousand men died in Antony's cause, and 300 vessels were captured.

On land the army, although encamped in an unhealthy spot where the heat caused considerable sickness, had so much confidence in its chief that it continued to fight courageously. At the end of the first day certain Roman senators and princes of the East, discovering the truth, took to flight. The second and third days passed, during which the soldiers continued the struggle, paying no attention to the ambassadors that Octavius sent to them. When at the end of the sixth day Antony failed to appear and no news of him was forthcoming, the soldiers' confidence began to waver, and the desertions of senators and princes with their contingents became more numerous. Nevertheless, the legionaries still held their ground.<sup>8</sup>

Finally, on the seventh day, the fifth before the Ides of September, 723 of Rome, after their general Canidius had fled from the camp by night, the troops, betrayed by their leaders, surrendered to the victor.

And for such leaders as these so many human lives are so often sacrificed!



—· XI ·—

THE DEATH OF CLEOPATRA





## THE DEATH OF CLEOPATRA

**N**EITHER Antony nor Octavius at first understood the importance of what had happened at Actium.

After having eluded the pursuit of the enemy, Antony stopped with Cleopatra at Cape Tænarium, which according to the poets was the entrance to the infernal regions. It was the most southerly point of the Peloponnesus, opposite the island of Cythera. From that place Antony sent a message to Canidius instructing him to save his army by leading it into Asia by way of Macedonia.

Three days later the two fugitives set sail once more, and whilst Cleopatra returned direct to Alexandria, Antony landed with two friends on the coast of Libya and went into the desert to "lament his anguish and shame."<sup>1</sup> He was entirely without hope and wished to put an end to his life; but he was so depressed that he had not the courage.

Human life is extremely short. One of man's strangest faculties, hope, prolongs his existence into the future and gratifies him with joys that are merely anticipated.<sup>2</sup> In losing hope, Antony had lost his confidence in the future. Memories were all that remained to him—and we never call up the past without considerable uneasiness. Memories! To life's favored children they bring a pleasant sense of gratitude to destiny, but to the un-

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fortunate or the losers in the game of existence only bitter regret.

After two months passed in despair, Antony, at the end of his strength, went to hide his misery and misanthropy in the arms of Cleopatra.

In the spring of the year 724 of Rome (30 B. C.), Octavius, at first astonished and unable to believe in his good fortune, did not dare, like Cæsar after Pharsalia, to take immediate advantage of his success and hasten in pursuit of his rival. Could that victory at Actium, which had been won so unexpectedly and in so strange a fashion, be considered as definitive? "Make haste slowly," he loved to say,<sup>3</sup> and he believed that a prudent general is better than a daring one. And, indeed, those who risk much to gain little are like a man who fishes with a golden hook whose loss could not be compensated by the fish he might catch.<sup>4</sup> Moreover, he was greatly embarrassed by the surrender of Antony's legions. Where was he to find the money to maintain all these troops when already he had none for his own? Notwithstanding the earnest advice of the young Agrippa, his favorite counsellor, victorious general and future son-in-law, he could not come to a decision. Instead, he remained in Greece and wasted his time in having himself initiated in the mysteries of Eleusis. His great preoccupation was to make certain that Cleopatra did not ship by the Red Sea the treasures he knew she had collected in the great sepulcher which she had had built for herself near the temple of Isis Locrias.<sup>5</sup>

Agrippa persuaded Octavius that the most certain

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method of preventing the flight of the treasure was to seize it, and for that purpose to set foot in Egypt, for there would never be a more favorable moment.

And indeed in Africa, the four legions of Cyrene which belonged to Antony, left to themselves and feeling themselves no longer commanded, had surrendered to Octavius.<sup>6</sup> In Asia, Herod, King of Judea, losing all confidence in Antony, who refused to abandon Cleopatra, went to meet Octavius at Rhodes and offered, in exchange for the retention of his kingdom, to furnish him with provisions.<sup>7</sup> Furthermore, not only did Syria easily fall into the hands of Octavius, but the Arabs, at the instigation of Herod, who was now entirely hostile to Cleopatra, burned the fleet the latter was having constructed in the Red Sea with the object of carrying off her treasures and fleeing with Antony to India, according to some, to Spain, according to others.<sup>8</sup>

These developments profoundly troubled Antony and Cleopatra. The former dispatched his son Antyllus to Octavius with a great quantity of gold and proposals of peace. Octavius took the gold, but sent back Antyllus without even giving him a reply.<sup>9</sup> Cleopatra, for her part, feeling that the game with Antony was lost, adopted a similar policy toward the victor of Actium. In so doing she was merely continuing her political scheme, of which Antony and even Cæsar had appeared to her to be nothing but the instruments.

Octavius contented himself with sending to the Queen one of his freedmen, Thyrsus, who was instructed to drop her a hint that Octavius also was in love with her, and that her kingdom would be assured if she would do

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away with Antony.<sup>10</sup> All things considered, he preferred not to be the direct author of the latter's death, and did not wish to see him disappear like Pompey—the more particularly since, by the same stroke, the flight of the fortune of the Lagidae would be prevented. He could then pose with impunity as Antony's avenger, sacrifice Cleopatra because of her crime, and seize Egypt and its riches. A regular battle of lies and deceit between these three personages followed.

While Antony lost at Parætonium a number of his ships, and found himself, in strange enough circumstances, abandoned by his soldiers, and while Octavius was taking possession of Pelusium without a blow, thanks, it is certain to the willingness of the defenders, Cleopatra lent a favorable ear to the treacherous proposals of Octavius. To preserve her empire, or at least Egypt—had not that been her constant preoccupation? Ever since she had snatched the crown from her brother she had sacrificed everything to that consuming desire—her pride, her riches, her aversions, even her body. And if, in the course of her love affairs with the Romans—at least, what Cæsar and, later, Antony had taken for love—she had consented to bear the pains of childbirth, she had done so with that burning thought constantly in mind. Consequently, to safeguard the future she was willing to betray Antony, if it were necessary, and give herself to Octavius, if she were obliged to do so. And yet the victor was not a very attractive lover, in spite of the fact that he was only thirty-three. He was nervous, disillusioned and prematurely aged.<sup>11</sup>

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On his return from Parætonium, Antony did not fail to perceive the change that had taken place in the Queen's attitude. Accordingly, he had willingly received Herod, who, after his fruitless negotiations with Octavius, had hastened to Alexandria. The two had had long conversations together. These interviews did not take place without causing Cleopatra some uneasiness. She would have been much more uneasy had she known that Herod was urging Antony to do nothing less than kill her, and then annex Egypt to the empire of Rome, which would enable him to give the lie to his enemies who accused him of betraying the Republic for the benefit of the Egyptian woman.<sup>12</sup> But Antony could not persuade himself to take such an infamous step.

Moreover, Cleopatra was clever enough to allay his fears;<sup>13</sup> not enough, however, to prevent one of Octavius's messengers, surprised in her apartment by Antony, from being flogged until the blood came. Antony then sent him back to Octavius with the challenge: "As for you, if you don't like what I have done—you have that turncoat freedman of mine, Hipparchus. Have him beaten and hanged, and we shall be quits."

It was in vain that Cleopatra conceived the idea of the society of the Companions in Death, all the members of which bound themselves to die together, and, while awaiting the fatal moment, gave themselves up, like the *Amimetobioi* of earlier days, to the pleasures of the table, debauchery and drunkenness. In vain, too, did Antony and Cleopatra seek to break down the opposition to themselves, which had become stronger than ever, and swell their treasures by killing the most hostile person-

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ages—but also the richest men of Alexandria—and ransacking the temples, and by declaring Cæsarion and Antyllus of age, in order to designate them as kings and so revive the dynastic sentiment of the Egyptian people.<sup>14</sup>

But Cleopatra had long known nothing of the true feelings of her subjects. She saw her people only in the distorting mirror held up by the fawning courtesans that surrounded her and Antony, and each of them saw only reflections that were strangely altered, in his case by his passion mingled with discouragement; in hers, by her political obsession. Nevertheless, as the people—which had been submissive for so many centuries, but whose uprising against Cleopatra's father was still remembered—grew restless and became menacing, they deluded them with splendid promises, which, once the danger was past, they certainly had no intention of keeping.

It was in vain, too, that Cleopatra celebrated in magnificent style the fifty-sixth birthday of her husband-king. In order to calm him the more completely, she likewise issued many financial and very warlike decrees with a view to organizing the defense of the city.

Then Octavius appeared before the walls of Alexandria. Exactly what took place thereafter and what was the order of events during that last effort is not clear. The records of the ancient historians are inaccurate and confused.

On August 1 of the year 30 a great battle was to have taken place. As soon as it was light, Antony posted his land forces on the high ground in front of the city, and

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from that point watched his galleys which left the port to attack those of Octavius. Great was Antony's astonishment when he saw the galleys row toward the enemy fleet and salute it instead of engaging it in combat. No sooner had Octavius's ship returned the salute than Antony's vessels fell into line with those of the enemy, and together they sailed toward the city. As soon as the enemy had landed, Antony with no less sorrow saw his cavalry abandon him and surrender to Octavius, while his infantry put up only a half-hearted resistance.

He returned to Alexandria, followed by several slaves, exclaiming that he was betrayed by Cleopatra and delivered into the hands of those with whom he was fighting only for love of her. He was, indeed, abandoned by all, and Montesquieu very judiciously says of him: "A woman for whom Antony had sacrificed the whole world betrayed him; all the captains and kings that he had aggrandized or created failed him; and as though generosity were linked with servitude, a band of gladiators alone remained heroically faithful to him. Load a man with favors, and the first thing he thinks of is to find a way of keeping them; you give him new interests to defend." And, thinking only of the Roman general, Montesquieu know nothing of the end of the epic of Napoleon.

As if fearing her husband's resentment, Cleopatra had taken refuge in her mausoleum. Thence she had word carried to Antony that she was dead. "What do you await, then, Antony?" he is reported to have exclaimed at



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that news. "Why delay longer? Fate has taken away the only thing that remained to you and that made you want to live!"<sup>15</sup>

Antony had a slave named Eros, on whose fidelity he knew he could count. Some time before he had made him promise that he would kill his master when he should order him to do so. Entering his chamber, he called Eros and, opening his armor, asked him to fulfill his promise. Eros drew his sword and made as if to strike him; but, turning round, he drove the blade into his own body and fell dead at his master's feet. "Noble Eros," said Antony, deeply moved, "you have done to yourself what you had not the heart to do to me, and shown me the way by your own example." And picking up the bloodstained sword, he plunged it into his abdomen and fell back on a couch that stood by. The wound was not immediately mortal. When the flow of blood stopped, Antony recovered consciousness and implored those around him to put him out of his pain. But they all fled from the room, leaving him to his fate.

Cleopatra, learning of Antony's despair and all that had taken place, was filled with pity. She dispatched her secretary Diomedes to him with orders to have the wounded man carried to her. As soon as Antony heard that she was still living he had but a single thought—to go to her.

Once inside her mausoleum Cleopatra had taken the precaution to have the entrance blocked up. When Antony had been carried to the tomb of his beloved Cleopatra, it was necessary to hoist him to the top of the

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grating, which had been lowered. According to Plutarch, it was a moving spectacle. From the high window at which they had stationed themselves, Cleopatra and the two slaves she had kept with her drew up Antony, who had been attached to the ropes used to haul up the stones for the completion of the upper part of the mausoleum, which was not yet finished.<sup>16</sup> Covered with blood, Antony stretched out his hands, in so far as his feeble condition would permit, toward the Queen, who with the two other women had much difficulty in raising the suffering man. Meanwhile those below, to whom several copper *outnoui*<sup>17</sup> had been thrown, also lent their aid.

When at last Antony had been taken in and laid down in the burial chamber of the tomb, he swooned away, while Cleopatra, terrified at the sight of the horrible wound, dressed it with articles of her clothing and wiped the face of the dying man with her hair, calling him her lord, her beloved husband, her emperor. "Nothing can compare with the gentle acts and words of a woman. She guides toward the infinite the sufferer who nears his last breath. Human love has something of the divine."<sup>18</sup>

Parched by fever, Antony asked for wine to give him a little strength. He besought Cleopatra not to mourn for him because of the misfortune that had overtaken him at the end of his life. "Had he not had his full measure of happiness inasmuch as he was loved by her, had been the most illustrious and most powerful man in the world, and at the end of his days had been conquered only by a Roman!"

His strength rapidly diminished and toward evening he drew his last breath.

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And so died the man upon whom Dion pronounces the following funeral oration: He was intelligent, but did many foolish things; he was courageous, but his cowardliness caused him to fail in many of his undertakings; he was at once magnanimous and mean, despoiling others of their property and prodigal of his own; he was often capable of pity, and still more often of cruelty. Once very weak, he became very powerful; originally very poor, he became very rich, without deriving any profit from these advantages.<sup>19</sup>

Meanwhile, Octavius was still at the gates of Alexandria. When he learned of Antony's death he retired to the inner part of his tent and, as was to be expected, shed tears over the misfortune of the great captain who had been his brother-in-law and his colleague in the government of the state. After having made a fit and proper manifestation of grief and eulogized the dead man, he entered the city and dispatched first Proculeius, and then Gallus, to Cleopatra with orders to seize her either by a trick or by scaling the mausoleum. In the meantime, Octavius repaired to the sanctuary which contained the coffin that held the body of Alexander the Great. This he contemplated respectfully, placed a golden crown at the head of the coffin and covered it with flowers.<sup>20</sup>

His next act was to announce that he pardoned the Alexandrians, first, in memory of Alexander, the founder of their city; secondly, on account of the beauty and magnificence of the city, which he much admired; and lastly, in order to please his friend Arius, who had besought him to be merciful. Nevertheless, the massacre

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began. "Zeal does wonders when it works hand in hand with hatred, cruelty, ambition, destruction, but goes against the grain on the side of kindness, graciousness, moderation."<sup>21</sup> The first victim was Cæsarion, in spite of the faithful *æris* attached to his person. Although he was but the shadow of his famous father, his name alone was an insult to the man who considered himself to be Cæsar's sole heir. That unfortunate victim of his birth was at the time seventeen.

The elder son of Antony and Fulvia, Marcus Antyllus,<sup>22</sup> was also sacrificed. He was prejudicial to the children that Antony had had of Octavius's sister. The three children of Antony and Cleopatra—Alexander Helios, Cleopatra Selene and Philadelphus—were spared. Octavius reckoned on making them the dynastic instruments of his policy. In order to keep them in his control, he intrusted them to his sister Octavia and his wife, Livia Drusilla.<sup>23</sup>

Among the many who likewise perished were Canidius, who knew too much about the victory of Actium; Q. Ovinus, a Roman senator who had dishonored himself by accepting the post of superintendent of the royal factories of Alexandria; Turullius, that other Roman senator who had cut down the forest sacred to Æsculapius<sup>24</sup> at Cos to build a fleet for Antony, and Cassius Parmensis. Turullius and Cassius Parmensis were, it is true, the last two survivors of the conspirators in the death of Cæsar.

Cleopatra could no longer harbor any illusion as to Octavius's feeling in regard to herself. Fate had truly

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been against her, and she saw only too clearly that it had made a sport of her. Could she hope to captivate Octavia's brother by means of the allurements she still possessed? The implacable years had had their effect upon her. In spite of everything, in spite of her use of various compounds and magic salves, her body had neither the freshness of youth nor its perfection of earlier years. If she was still slender and of majestic bearing, if her changing eyes, whose expression she knew how to make either caressing or imperious, were still fascinating, yet her bosom had lost its firmness, and she now jealously concealed beneath two cups of filigree of gold her breasts which had long been so beautiful and so admired.

Grieving at the thought that beauty is scarcely more lasting than a flower, and that in passing it inevitably brings disfigurement, she fell into that state of mournfulness, disenchantment and lassitude in which a woman who has been disappointed by circumstances no longer retains any illusions. She knew it very well—the game had been irretrievably lost. The attempt to found an Eastern empire had failed. Her reign as queen and woman was ended. What was the use of further struggle?

Her personal physician, Olympus, whom she had made her confidant, wrote an account of Cleopatra's attitude following these happenings, a work which Plutarch seems to have known but which unfortunately has not come down to us. The suffering that her misfortunes had caused her and the pain of the bruises and blows she had dealt herself as a sign of mourning threw her into a violent fever.<sup>25</sup> She refused all food and wished to let herself

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die of starvation. "Death . . . is nothing," she said. "Nor life either! To live, sleep, dream, fade, die, what does it matter? What matters it if death comes today or tomorrow?" Olympus gave her to understand that there were other means of dying that were as certain and less painful.

Meantime, Octavius induced her by false promises to return to the royal palace.<sup>26</sup> He even went to visit her there. When he arrived she was reclining on her state bed. This strangely shaped article of furniture represented an ox, with ostrich plumes upon its head and a disk between its horns, its back lowered to receive a thin red mattress, its black legs, ending in green hoofs, braced against the ground as supports, and its erect tail divided into two tufts. Cleopatra lay with her head upon an *ouol* of oriental alabaster, hollowed like a half-moon so that the headdress should not be disarranged, for she was dressed, although her only garment was a black tunic. She was very simply adorned, and her mourning became her wonderfully well.<sup>27</sup> Near her were several portraits of Cæsar and she had some letters she had received from him in her bosom. She hoped by this means to excite the compassion of Octavius, who had assumed the rôle of his adoptive father.

When she saw him she immediately rose, and, proud queen that she had hitherto been, threw herself at the feet of the conqueror. She was, says Plutarch, disfigured, with her hair in disorder, her face wild and blood-stained, her voice trembling, her eyes sunken from crying, and her bosom covered with bruises and wounds. Her body,

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indeed, reflected the condition of her mind. And yet, adds the author of the *Lives*, in spite of the pitiful condition to which she had been reduced, ill and racked by grief, she still retained her natural grace of movement and countenance, and her proud expression. Her beauty was apparent even in her humble demeanor.

Octavius raised her to her feet and, inducing her to recline once more upon her bed, sat down beside her. Was she preparing, as Florus would have us believe, to try the effect of her charms upon the conqueror, at the risk of having it known to posterity that her beauty was of no avail with the prince?

*. . . frustra, nam pulchritudo  
Intra pudicitiam principis fuit.*<sup>28</sup>

Seeing that Octavius was in so well-disposed a frame of mind, she attempted to justify herself. Her love for Antony had been nothing but a necessary step;<sup>29</sup> what she had done was due to the force of circumstances, and to her fear of Antony.

Octavius remained calm and bland, while Cleopatra, agitated, loquacious, supplicatory and tearful—she had the gift of tears and used it with considerable skill—restrained the anger which the impassive attitude of the conqueror stirred in her. Springing from the bed and blushing deeply, she threw herself once more at the feet of Octavius.<sup>30</sup> “You are my lord,” she said, “for God has bestowed on you what has been taken from me. But you see here, with your own eyes, your father as he used so often to come to me. . . . You know of the honors that he showered upon me, and how he made me Queen of

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Egypt. But if you would learn from him what he thought of me read these letters that he sent me in his own hand." Getting up from her knees, she began to read many passages that were full of tender words. Her voice was broken by sobs and she covered the letters with kisses. She interrupted her reading only to prostrate herself before the portraits of Cæsar, moaning in a not unmelodious tone: "Oh, my Cæsar, of what use are these letters of yours to me now?"

Octavius still remained impassive. "But now you live again for me in his son," she continued. "Would that I had died before you!" And she moaned: "But because I have him I find you once again." Octavius easily discerned the motive of these passionate demonstrations and of Cleopatra's provocative maneuver. With his eyes fixed on the ground, contrarily to his custom, for he liked to look at people steadily, as though he wished to dazzle them with his gaze,<sup>31</sup> he contented himself with stopping her and recalling to her certain indisputable facts that could be attributed neither to necessity nor fear.

Cleopatra, much distressed to find that he did not even look at her, and did not speak to her either regarding the fate of her children or of the plans he had formed in connection with herself, once again fell upon her knees and cried, weeping profusely: "I have neither the desire nor the strength to live, Cæsar. I ask only one favor, and I ask it in the memory of your father: it is that, since fate gave me to Antony after him, I may die with Antony. Better had it been for me had I died at the same time as Cæsar; but since Fate willed that I should undergo this



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new misfortune, send me to join Antony and do not refuse me a tomb at his side. As I die because of him, at least I shall have him as a companion in Hades."

Octavius raised her to her feet once more, and with the greatest composure said to her in his soft voice with its peculiar accent:<sup>32</sup> "Woman, do not be uneasy, and have confidence; no harm will come to you. Only, recover your desire to live, and do nothing that would be irreparable, such as causing the disappearance of the treasure of the Lagidæ. In exchange, I will give you Antony's body to dispose of as you wish."

In the hope of being able to secure better conditions she promised everything he asked.

If it was still possible for her to go to Antony's tomb and pay him the last honors, she soon perceived that she was no longer free. Indeed, in order to take from her every means of killing herself—for he reserved her for his triumph in Rome—Octavius surrounded her with a close watch, which she nevertheless knew how to outwit. The alternative was confine her—but then, could a woman be imprisoned? Cleopatra suffered bitterly from this restraint, and Plutarch records her lamentations on the subject:

"My dearest Antony," she cried upon his tomb, "it is only a few days since I buried you with these hands, then still free. To-day I offer you these libations upon your tomb, no longer free, but a prisoner and watched lest I should disfigure this servile body reserved for that dreadful procession in which they will triumph over you. Expect no further honors from your beloved Cleopatra than

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these funeral offerings; these are the last that she will be able to pay you. Nothing could separate us while we lived, but soon death will take us both from the land of our birth. You, a Roman, will lie here in Egypt. I, an Egyptian, unfortunately shall be interred in Italy. It will nevertheless still be fortunate for me to be buried in the land that gave you birth. If the gods of your country have any power—for ours have forsaken us—do not abandon me; let them not lead away your living wife; do not let them triumph over you in my person; hide me here with you; give me half of your grave. Of all the innumerable misfortunes that I have had to bear not one has been so painful and insupportable to me as the brief time that I have lived without you.”

And she placed some wreaths of flowers upon the tomb of the man who had loved her so dearly.

Perhaps at that moment her lamentations were sincere. But when she returned to her chamber in the royal palace she bemoaned the fact that Antony had not followed her advice. Instead of having sought to render himself illustrious by the impossible conquest of Persia, and then carrying the war against Octavius into Europe, why had he not waited till Rome came to attack him in Egypt? Would the sickly and prematurely aged Octavius, who dreaded disorders—the cool and prudent, but timorous, schemer, the chicken-hearted admiral of Scylla, the incompetent general of Philippi, who had triumphed at Actium only because Antony had fled without fighting—ever have dared to risk his fortune by going to seek Antony in her arms?<sup>233</sup> However that may be, the men to whom she had given herself died bloody deaths:

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Cneius, her brother-husband, Cæsar, Antony, perhaps Sextus Pompey, and her lovers of a night.<sup>34</sup> Love is overshadowed by disaster.

What followed these events? One day—it was probably the first Egyptian Thoth (August 30, 30 B. C.; 724 of Rome)<sup>35</sup>—Octavius received a tablet bearing Cleopatra's seal. In it she begged him to allow her to be buried with Antony. Octavius immediately realized what she had done.

They found her lying upon her golden bed and arrayed in her regal clothing. She seemed as though she were asleep, and the historians declare that she remained beautiful even in death: her countenance betrayed no sign of suffering. She continued in an eternal sleep the life which the Egyptians regarded as only a dream upon earth. Her young slave Iras lay near her; another, her beloved Charmion, was half dead and scarcely able to stand. She was trying to adjust the diadem on the Queen's head, and had only strength enough to say to Octavius's men, who were struck with consternation: "Behold a beautiful and dignified end for a Pharaoh, a descendant of so many kings." Then she fell lifeless at the foot of the bed.

It was never known how death came to that queen, who was less than thirty-nine years of age at the time. According to the legend, she allowed herself to be bitten in the breast by an asp, which, in spite of the close watch kept upon her, was apparently sent to her hidden in a basket of fruit. This legend owes its origin largely to

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the fact that, in default of the Queen of Egypt herself, Octavius had a figure of Cleopatra with an asp about her arm carried in his triumph. Thereafter, Horace,<sup>36</sup> Propertius,<sup>37</sup> Plutarch, Dion, and Orosius took a pleasure in repeating that version; and Suetonius even adds that Octavius apparently sent for the *Psylli*—barbarians from Africa, some of whom were always to be found wandering about the cities—to suck out the venom. The mouths of these men discharged a poison which, it was supposed, was deadly to snakes and made their venom innocuous.<sup>38</sup>

But Plutarch and Dion were not unwilling to admit that the hollow bodkin which the Queen always wore in her hair might well have contained poison. Her body, however, bore no mark of a bite or indication of poison. Nor could any trace of a snake be found in her chamber. All that was discovered were two almost imperceptible spots on one of her arms, which were considered to be the marks of a bite.

The whole matter is therefore very uncertain. What, however, is certain is that Octavius, in spite of his vexation at seeing her escape his triumph,<sup>39</sup> greatly admired the Queen's dignified end. A Roman was never indifferent to a noble attitude in the face of death.<sup>40</sup> Accordingly, he gave orders that she should be buried, as he had promised her, beside Antony in the mausoleum that she had raised for herself. He even desired that the ceremony should be conducted with regal magnificence.<sup>41</sup> While the statues of Antony were demolished, those of Cleopatra were left untouched.

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And it was to such an end that love—the love that she had aroused and that her alluring charms had made the instrument of her political schemes—had brought this woman! Neither Amon nor Osiris had, then, told her that love can only accomplish great things and be the sublime motive of human actions when it is a consuming passion, and not a mere pawn in a game in which one falsely employs the words of love's restricted vocabulary—words already overworked but nevertheless still enchanting and delightfully disturbing when they come straight from the heart. She did not know, then, she who was so shrewd and intelligent—that love can only produce great things and a little happiness when it is compounded of devotion and self-sacrifice and, above all, when it is sincere and disinterested, ready to give everything and ask nothing in return! But did she even know what true love was?

Nevertheless, whatever may have been her conception of love, though she had made of it a sport or a means to an end, and though she were a queen and Cleopatra, she was, after all, only a human being. She was not one of those stubborn, or perhaps merely somnolent, individuals, who, once dispossessed, never raise themselves again, who, when first they take flight fall back, disappointed, to earth, and, like the queen ants, after the nuptial flight, tear off their wings and seclude themselves. Like other mortals, she had known that ecstatic moment which carries men and women far from the world of reality, which transfigures them, rendering even ugliness itself beautiful, which for an instant makes them no longer themselves nor resembling any others—that moment when,

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whispering strange words of love, panting, imploring, enraptured, they forget everything about modesty, prejudices, oaths, grudges, misfortunes, even their dignity and their honor.

And yet at no moment did Cleopatra cease to be mistress of herself, untiringly pursuing the plan she had framed and the goal she had set herself. What this so-called great *amoureuse* lacked was the love of love.

That enchanting word which throughout the ages has fascinated humanity may designate something quite different from a sublime sentiment. "There are," says Voltaire, "so many kinds of love that it is difficult to know where to look for a definition. We freely give the name to a caprice of a few days, a liaison without affection, a feeling unaccompanied by esteem, a cold custom, a romantic fantasy. We apply the name to a thousand idle fancies." And, indeed, too often also to caprices which breed and bring in their train jealousy, perfidy, perjury, cruelty, insanity, lust, hatred and murder. Too often love and crime form an infernal pair in the history of human passions, and it would almost seem that we must agree with the satanical doctrine of the poet when he declares that it is "stupid" to desire

*Aux choses de l'amour mêler l'honnêteté!*<sup>42</sup>



—· XII ·—

THE TRIBUNAL OF OSIRIS





## THE TRIBUNAL OF OSIRIS

**W**HILE the precise nature of the death that Cleopatra chose for herself—and even the place of her burial have remained uncertain, her subjects, at any rate, were in no doubt as to what happened afterward, as related by the magic and mysterious *Book of the Dead*.

When death takes place, there escapes from the fragile remains, according to the belief of the ancient Egyptians, a double of the defunct, a reduced image of the deserted body which each carried within himself during life—the *ka*, or divine element of the person, having the same features as the living being. It encloses the variable and spiritual soul, the conscience, symbolized by the *ba*, a bird with human head. It is not only at death that the *ka* leaves the body: during sleep and certain sicknesses characterized by fainting and coma the *ka* also goes away. Death is consequently nothing but a longer fainting spell.

Since after death, which makes all men equal, the body and the *ka* continue to live apart, it was considered necessary to treat the body so that it would resist decomposition, the baleful consequence of the separation. It was essential to preserve the body as intact as possible so that the soul, the *ba*, freeing itself in turn from the *ka*, would be able at some later date—much later on, after it had been purified—to recognize it, reincarnate itself and give it new life. Hence the supreme importance of the tomb, the refuge from life.

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As soon, therefore, as the body of the Queen had been discovered the embalming had been begun. The paraschists made incisions in the body and withdrew the brain and intestines.<sup>1</sup> Then the funeral workmen took charge of the body and prepared the bath of natron. Next, others fastened at the dead queen's throat a scarabæus of green jasper, bearing an inscription which forbade the heart to witness against the dead before the tribunal of Osiris, and placed upon her fingers rings of gold and of blue or green enamel as amulets which gave the dead person the correct voice and enabled her to recite her prayers with the intonation which rendered them irresistible. Finally, the Queen's remains were ready for mummification, a process designed to preserve from nothingness the body which had awakened so much desire.

These operations, during which the *ka* remained invisible beside the body, generally lasted seventy days. When the embalming of Cleopatra was finished her coffin was carried, uncovered, into her mausoleum.

As soon as the tomb had been sealed up, Anubis, the god with a pointed snout and variegated raiment, went and took the *ka* by the hand to present it to Isis, so that the goddess might lead it before the divine tribunal presided over by Osiris.<sup>2</sup>

The procession was accompanied by Cleopatra's favorite servants, a bevy of maidens with graceful bodies and lovely breasts, who sang to the defunct with ritualistic intonation:

"May there always be perfume for thy nostrils, O

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venerated mistress—for perfumes are agreeable to the gods—and lotus blooms for thy throat, ointments, and divine dew from the country of the Aromatics, to make thy limbs shine like gold and thy countenance radiant as the stars! May there be singing and gaily sounding instruments about thee, O most beautiful! May Maritzakro, the sacred serpent, the silent goddess, come to listen, enraptured, to the music of thy tomb, O beloved queen!”

The procession then arrived in the presence of Osiris. The god was on his tribunal, impassive behind his green mask, presenting a strange appearance with his beard with its recurved point. Then the poor heart, which had beaten so much, was thrown into the pan of the balance of justice, as counterpoise to the feather of Truth.

The *ka* was chilled with fear to see its poor heart, its *ba*, in one of the pans of the balance, in the presence of Truth, whilst Amaït, a monster with the body of a crocodile and the head of a hippopotamus, never ceased to watch it. The creature’s enormous jaws were already open to devour it at a sign from the god. “Heart of my birth, my *ba*,” murmured the poor *ka*, “heart that I had upon earth, do not rise in testimony against me, do not be my adversary, and do not, to exonerate thyself, raise grievances against me in the presence of the great God! I am only the double of thy body.”

But the poor heart was obliged to undergo the “negative confession,” to which each must submit before the tribunal of Osiris:

“I have not done wrong; I have not committed violence; I have not stolen; I have not treacherously

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slain any man; I have not diminished the offerings to the gods; I have told no lies; I have caused no one to weep; I have not been impure; I have killed no sacred animals; I have damaged no cultivated lands; I have not been a slanderer; I have not been irascible; I have not been adulterous; I have not refused to listen to the words of truth; I have not practiced witchcraft against the king or my father; I have not defiled water; I have caused no slave to be mistreated by his master; I have not taken the name of God in vain; I have not warped the beam of the balance; I have not taken milk from the mouth of the nursling; I have not ensnared the birds of the gods; I have not impeded the passage of the water in its season; I have turned no rivulet from its course; I have not wrongly extinguished any fire; I have not slighted God in my heart. I am pure, I am pure, I am pure!"<sup>3</sup>

On many points the heart of Cleopatra was obliged to remain silent, "for in the presence of Truth the heart may not lie." However, Isis, who had by no means abandoned her, was there to help her.

The *ka*, on its part, implored Osiris to destroy all that was sinful in the heart, and not to consign it to the fiery pits, with their waters of flame—the only draught allowed the wicked,—where the evil spirit, the tormentor of the damned, lived in halls of which the floors were of water, the ceilings of fire and the walls of living asps, and to which Amaït was ever ready to carry the condemned.

Thoth Ibis, with his rose-colored beak, and Anubis, of the pointed snout, consulted the balance. The equilibrium of the two pans witnessed to the sincerity of the confession. Osiris pronounced judgment. He was not pitiless.

## THE TRIBUNAL OF OSIRIS

He dictated to Thoth Ibis, his celestial clerk and annotator of the sacred papyri: "A light heart, light, lighter than a feather, but honest and deserving pity." Amaït was disappointed; the hoped-for prey escaped him. Not the pits of fire awaited the repentant soul, but the possibility, some day, of redemption.

Then the poor creature, saved from eternal damnation, was at last left by Isis herself to her destiny. Amaït had no alternative but to withdraw, and the *ka* went to take up its place once more in the tomb beside the mortal remains of the Queen.

As for the poor soul, the *ba*, confused but nevertheless full of hope, it passed beside the basin of fire, guarded by four grimacing apes, and after a long journey, crossed the Styx. Upon the other bank it was awaited by Hathor, who stood breast-high in the luxuriant meadows of Ialou—for Hathor was not only the goddess of love and of voluptuous pleasures, but also of sweet and maternal death. She was compassionate to those whose life had been filled with love and voluptuousness. Their shades she received with a low of welcome, and offered to their souls, thirsty from the long journey, her teats swollen with a milk of youth and serenity.

In the calm regions of the fields of Ialou, the refuge of Truth and Justice, there are neither reptiles nor suspicious powers. The soul of the last queen of Egypt, liberated from its wretched body, repentant and far removed from earthly passions, can at last rest in peace. Beside the limpid waters, in the ever cool shade of the tall trees, she will breathe the fresh and purifying breeze

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of the north. There she will abide peacefully till her sins have been forgiven and she has lost all memory of her previous life—till the time when her *ka* shall come to seek her and find the body at last reconquered, unless, completely purified and choosing her own destiny, she should prefer, after those years of trial and meditation, to abide in the Osirian paradise. At least, so the 453 chapters of the *Book of the Dead* declare.

But the soul of Cleopatra must have been reincarnated on earth, for neither her *ka* nor her mummified remains have ever been found. Very likely she is in our midst. Beneath what new mask is her ancient soul concealed? No need to look far afield.

Beneath that of Woman, the eternal enchantress.

THE END

## NOTES





## NOTES

### INTRODUCTION

1. *Odes* I. 37.
2. In Alexandria and its environs coffin lids, some lovely Tanagra figurines, urns, amphorae, fabrics of all kinds have been discovered, but not a single stele, medallion or inscription bearing the name of Alexander.
3. There were, indeed, two temples of Isis at Alexandria: one near the end of the Lochias Promontory, the other, that of Isis Plousia, near the Street of Canopus, perhaps on the site of the Museum. During the last century considerable interest was aroused by the discovery of what was believed to be Cleopatra's tomb. The mummy, which was intact, found in the sarcophagus was transported to the British Museum and the Egyptologists believed they recognized the body of Cleopatra. The exhibit immediately became the most important in the collection, but it soon became evident that an error had been made. But Egypt has not yet given up to us all her buried treasures. At the foot of the Pyramids two new tombs have recently been discovered, in one of which have been found hen's eggs, although it might have been thought that the birds were unknown on the banks of the Nile, since they are not represented on any of the monuments of ancient Egypt. In the other tomb was found a miniature set of furniture of which several pieces appear quite new.
4. While the binding around his mummy was being undone an arm unbent, as though it were alive, and terrified those present.
5. The first, with her diademed head, facing right, beneath the prow of a ship, bears in the exergue, on the obverse the words: *regum Cleopatrae reginae, regum filiorum*; on the reverse is a head of Mark Antony, facing right, behind a tiara, bearing in the exergue: *Antoni Armenia devicta*. (Cf. COHEN, *Descriptions historiques des Monnaies égyptiennes frappées sous l'Empire romain*, I, p. 57.) The second, also with a diademed head, bears in the exergue on the obverse:

ΒΑΣΙΛΙΚΚΑ ΚΛΕΟΠΑΤΡΑ ΘΕΑ ΝΕΩΤΕΡΑ

and on the reverse:

ΑΝΤΩΝΙΟΙ ΑΥΤΟΚΡΑΤΩΡ ΤΡΙΤΟΝ ΤΡΙΩΝ

(Cf. MIONNET, *Medailles antiques*, Vol. VI, p. 33, number 266, and Vol. IV, plate V.)

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6. It is true that the little that still remains on the loves of Cæsar and Cleopatra in the tenth book of the *Pharsalia*—the eleventh and twelfth have not come down to us (*cf.* p. 35)—shows well enough how uncharitable was Lucan toward the Queen of Egypt. The tenth song stops at the point where Cæsar shuts himself up in the Decasterion, or palace of Alexandria, to hold his own against the revolt.
7. French translation by LEVAL, Alcan edition.
8. *Cf.* PLUTARCH.
9. In calling up some of these figures from the past we have said not only what is known, but also what might be conjectured of them.

### PART I

1. As the fatal beauty of the Spartan woman overthrew the dwellings of Argos and Ilium, in like measure Cleopatra stirred Hesperia to frenzy. The sound of her rattle—can such things be?—terrified the Capitol. She hurled her effeminate people of Canopus against the Roman eagles, expecting a triumphal return to Pharos with a Cæsar for prisoner; and the waters of Leucas might have wondered if the world was not to fall into the hands of a woman who was not even of our race. That hope came to her the first night the wanton daughter of the Ptolemies spent in the arms of one of our chiefs.

Who could not pardon thy infatuation, Antony, when the rugged heart of Cæsar burned with the same fires! In the midst of his rage and fury, in the palace haunted by Pompey's ghost, that adulterer, while yet drenched with the blood spilt in Thessaly, gave a place in his thoughts to Venus, and mingled with the anxieties of war unlawful ties resulting in offspring which violate conjugal fidelity. O shame!

#### I

1. He left only a child still in infancy, that he had had of a concubine, a child to be born of his wife Roxane, and a half-witted brother, Arrhidäns.
2. It is declared that Lagus was his father only in name, for when his mother married Lagus she was already with child (Ptolemy), as the result of her intimacy with Philip, King of Macedonia, whose concubine she was. As a consequence, Ptolemy was generally considered to be the half brother of Alexander the Great, born of this same Philip and Queen Olympias.
3. Notably HOMER. PTOLEMY, a geographer of the second century A. D., like most of the ancient maps, especially that of Sesostris and the bronze table of Aristagoras, makes the Nile come from six different streams, arising in the Mountains of the Moon, perhaps those now called the mountains of Bisa or Lokinga, to the south of Lake Bangweulu, in the region in which Livingstone died (*cf.* LIVINGSTONE, *Last Diary*).

## NOTES

4. The Museum of Cairo possesses a specimen of that epoch in the Pharaoh Tozer, founder of the IIIrd Dynasty, the oldest human representation that has come down to us intact. The disfigured countenance, in which something animal still remains, but in which the man nevertheless is clearly visible, discloses the secret of distant times. The same characteristics are to be found in the representation of a couple that lived under the following dynasty.
5. Consequently, they are not found among the animal gods of Egypt. At first, the only animals known to the Egyptians were the long-horned ox, the goat, the dog fox, with tapering nose, pointed ears and bushy tail, the sloughi or African greyhound, the basset, a hyena-like dog and most wild animals, including especially the crocodile and the hippopotamus.
6. When the Hyksos were driven out of Egypt some of them sought refuge in Libya and even went as far as the country of the Gero-mants. They would seem to have contributed to the formation of the Targui people, and apparently were the ancestors of the Touregs of Ahaggar or Hoggar, which would account for the difference of that race from the other peoples of the Sahara. Remembering the condition of the Egyptian women, they continued to allow their women—who, unlike the men, exposed their faces—the freedom which is still so noticeable today.

## II

1. \$7,000,000 (SUETONIUS; DION).
2. DION.
3. PLINY THE ELDER. To these spectacles he invited scarcely anyone who was not a member of the upper classes.
4. Cf. DÉSIRÉ DE BERNATH, *Cléopâtre*.
5. STRABO.
6. PLUTARCH, *Life of Cato*.
7. Cf. DÉSIRÉ DE BERNATH, *Cléopâtre*.

## III

1. Cf. TABOUIS, *Le Pharaon Tout-ank-Amon*; MASPÉRO, *Historie ancienne*. This tremendous utilization of the inexhaustible supply of human labor in antiquity was necessary, especially for the transportation of heavy objects. The ancients, indeed, knew nothing of horse or ox teams, which have been in use only since some unknown person conceived the idea in the Middle Ages. As regards the horse in particular, they were not familiar with the rigid collar resting on the shoulders of the animal, and the only type of harness in use, as is evidenced by all the bas-reliefs, was a flexible leather band which, encircling the animal's neck and shoulders, impeded its respiration and reduced its usefulness. As a consequence, horses were never used as beasts of burden. Moreover,

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the arrangement of teams in file was likewise unknown: animals were always teamed abreast, and it was therefore impossible to use them for heavy wagons, in the hauling of which "human cattle" were employed. According to the COMTE LEFEBVRE DES NOUËTTES" (*L'Attelage à travers les âges*), this was one of the principal reasons for slavery, especially among the Egyptians, the Assyrians and the Romans, all of whom did considerable building and consequently much transportation of materials.

2. HERODOTUS; MALCHUS, called PORPHYRY.
3. From the translation into French by G. MASPÉRO.
4. Cf. the scribe of the Louvre and the famous Sheikh-el-beled of the Egyptian Museum at Cairo.
5. On the side of this *ouol* was cut the grotesque likeness of the god Bes, a short-legged and corpulent dwarf. Endowed with a genial disposition, he had the power to protect the sleeper from spirits, demons and night-prowlers. When Livingstone was exploring the Zambezi he found this same wooden pillow, called *mosamela*, among certain of the tribes inhabiting the banks of the river. No less curious is the fact that some of these natives arrange their hair in the same fashion as the inhabitants of ancient Egypt and also like them wear a single earring made of a brass ring two or three inches in diameter, while in the region of Lake Nyasa beer is brewed and filtered as it used to be in ancient times on the banks of the Nile (D. and C. LIVINGSTONE: *Explorations of the Zambezi and Its Tributaries*).
6. For cooking food the Egyptians lighted a fire by means of an apparatus peculiar to them. It was a kind of crossbow, which rubbed a piece of a special wood placed crosswise upon a larger hollow piece, through which a current of air was passed.
7. Cf. RACINET, *L'Intérieur d'une riche demeure égyptienne*, Vol. II.
8. AD. ERMAN, *Die Literatur der Ägypter*.

### IV

1. DION.
2. G. MASPÉRO, *Histoire ancienne des peuples de l'Orient*.
3. *Épisode du Jardin des Fleurs*, translated into French by CHABAS and annotated by MASPÉRO.
4. The Egyptians drank a thick, sweet wine, which was kept from turning sour by the admixture of pitch.
5. Cf. "Le Conte des Deux Frères," in MASPÉRO, *Contes populaires de la vieille Égypte*.
6. Papyrus in the British Museum, translated by GOODWIN.
7. Amenhotep IV, called Ikhnaton, as he is revealed in the Museum of Cairo, astonishes us by the strange shape of his head. Was that disquieting æsthete, with his big wild eyes and twisted lip, who was destined to die young, a magnificent genius or a good-natured lunatic? (Cf. HANOTAUX, *Regards sur l'Égypte*.) As for Tutenkhamon, he died, it is said, of tuberculosis. In addition to

## NOTES

his mummy, recently exhumed, a statue has been discovered at Karnak which represents him beside his youthful wife. The couple, in rose-colored granite, have the freshness of youth.

### V

1. PLUTARCH.
2. STRABO, *Geography*. The Egyptian beer was made from barley steeped in a vat full of water and leavened with fermented bread crumb. It was from this beer that the Egyptian made his "vinegar." The Libyan wine came from Antiphræ. In general, wine—the red and white Egyptian wines of Antiphræ, Mareotis, Pelusium and Syene—was stored in amphoræ covered with pitch and sealed with a wooden or clay plug that was coated with earth and painted blue (MASPÉRO, *Lectures historiques*).
3. Those days he spent in the beer houses, where he drank not only beer but also wine, palm brandy (*shodou*) and old, perfumed cordials (MASPÉRO, *Lectures historiques*).
4. Canopus and its canal remained for centuries after the conquest a pleasure spot, which delighted foreigners who visited Egypt (Cf. DELAYEN, *Octave Auguste*, I. chap. ii).
5. BOUCHÉ-LECLERCQ, *Histoire des Lagides*.
6. FLORUS; PLUTARCH, *Life of Pompey*; APPIAN; DION.
7. DION CASSIUS, xlii.
8. *Ibid.*
9. PLUTARCH, *Life of Antony*.
10. It is possible, remark Drs. Corre and Laurent (*Revue Scientifique*, September 16, 1893, p. 368), that this so-called epilepsy, a disease which so often impairs the intelligence, was nothing but hysteria, a condition then unknown, to which Alexander, Mahomet, Peter the Great and Napoleon were also subject.
11. PLUTARCH, *Life of Cæsar*; SUTTONIUS.
12. DION CASSIUS.
13. DÉSIRÉ DE BERNATH, *Cléopâtre*.
14. CÆSAR, *De Bello civ.*, iii.
15. CICERO, *Ad Atticum*, xi, xvii, 13.
16. BOUCHÉ-LECLERCQ, *op. cit.*
17. DÉSIRÉ DE BERNATH, *op. cit.*
18. *Ibid.*
19. APPIAN.
20. LUCAN makes Cæsar declare that he would have renounced the civil war to have known the sources of the river. A similar desire was expressed by Sesostriis, Alexander and later Nero, who sent two centurions to seek the "Caput Nili." But the latter were stopped by the marshes of Barh-el-Ghazal (MME H. LOREAU, translator of Livingstone).
21. Date established by JUDEICH, and accepted by SCHMIDT and FERRERO. However, it does not agree with the date which BOUCHÉ-LECLERCQ gives for the birth of Cæsarion.

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22. SUTONIUS; CÆSAR; HIRTIUS, *De Bello Alex.* The troops remaining at Alexandria were: the legion of Veterans, brought from Achaia; the XXXVIIth legion, sent from Rome; the XXXIst legion, which had come from Syria; Gabinius' two old legions and 800 German horsemen.

### VI

1. *Cf. La peinture égyptienne de l'accouchement de la reine Monténait.* Some, notably BOUCHÉ-LECLERCQ, place that birth on the 23rd of Payne (June 23, 47 B. C.); but that date, as has been said in note 20 to Chapter V, would not agree with that of Cæsar's departure.
2. *Cf. G. MASPÉRO, Contes populaires.*
3. SELLIER PAPYRUS.
4. "Absence," said La Rochefoucault at a later day, "diminishes mediocre passions and feeds great ones, as the wind will extinguish candles and light a fire." And it indeed seems that Cæsar's love for Cleopatra had become the great passion of his declining years.
5. DION, xliii, 27.
6. JULIUS CÆSAR, xlix; and each delighted in recalling what had been said regarding his relations with the King of Bithynia: "All that Bithynia and Cæsar's lover have ever possessed," sang CALVUS LICINIUS in his verses, alluding to Nicomedes; "the prostitute of Bithynia," as CICERO called Cæsar; "the cushion of the royal litter," said the tiny DOLABELLA, Cicero's son-in-law; "the Queen of Bithynia," BIBULUS had named him.
7. PROPERTIUS.
8. DRUMOND, *History of the Romans.*
9. The other three were: Conutia, who, according to some, was no more than his fiancée; Cornelia, daughter of Cornelius Cinna, whom he married at eighteen, and who gave him the following year his beloved Julia, who was married to Pompey; and Pompeia, a niece of the great Pompey, whom he married upon returning from the court of Nicomedes, Cornelia having died. It was the last of these that Clodius compromised during the celebration of the mysteries of the Good Goddess (*Cf. GASTON DELAYEN (Tr. Farrell Symons), Cicero, p. 144.*)
10. SUTONIUS.
11. MYRIAM HARRY, *La Vie amoureuse de Cléopâtre.*
12. DELAYEN, *op. cit.*
13. APPIAN. Others declare that it was a golden statue.
14. SUTONIUS, *Life of Cæsar*, li.

### VII

1. About 600,000 (DÉSIRÉ DE BERNATH).
2. Homer was his preferred poet. At the beginning of his memorable expedition the first act of the twenty-two-year-old captain on

## NOTES

- disembarking in Troas was to place flowers on the tomb of Achilles, exclaiming: "O happy Achilles, who, living, didst find a friend like Patroclus, and after death a bard like Homer!" (PLUTARCH). Alexander carried with him everywhere in a golden casket a copy of the *Iliad*, revised by the hand of his beloved master Aristotle.
3. The stadium of Alexandria was about 202 yards.
  4. According to Prince Omar Toussoun, a scholar well versed in everything concerning the past of Egypt, Alexander's tomb would seem still to be beneath the Nebi-Daniel mosque, built upon the site of the old Zoul Zarnein mosque. This appears to be plausible, for Zoul Zarnein was apparently the name used by Arabian authors for Alexander the Great.
  5. MOREL, *Le Nil et la Civilization égyptienne*.
  6. Cf. NEROUTSOS BEY, *L'ancienne Alexandrie*. Strabo and Philo of Alexandria have sung the praises of the beauty of the Cæsareum, the temple which was "enormous and visible from all parts of the city, containing many statues, and adorned with galleries, libraries, gardens and beautiful groves." According to a communication made by M. Arvanitakis to the Scientific Society of Athens, Athanasius the Great in 358 transformed this temple into a cathedral. In 1900 it was still possible to see, across the cerulean waters, the magnificent remains of the Cæsareum, which disappeared at the time of the construction of the new quays of Alexandria. Of all that wealth of art nothing remains but a few beautiful fragments collected in the Museum—rare and curious funeral paintings, handsome sculptured effigies, torsos, exquisite Tanagra figurines.

## PART II

### I

1. Cf. PLUTARCH, *Life of Brutus*.
2. SUETONIUS, *Augustus*, XCI.
3. Cf. PLUTARCH' *Life of Antony*, and FERRERO, *Greatness and Decline of Rome*.
4. APPIAN.
5. Cf. DELAYEN, *op. cit.*, p. 249.
6. SUETONIUS, *Augustus*.
7. APPIAN, *Roman History*.
8. PLUTARCH, *Life of Antony*.
9. *Ibid*.
10. Alexander the Great once bathed in it when he was covered with perspiration, and almost killed himself by doing so.
11. PLUTARCH, in his *Treatise on Isis and Osiris*, tells us what they were: honey, wine, raisins, galangal, resin, myrrh, aspalathus, selsi, lemon grass, asphalt, fig and sorrel leaves, two sorts of juniper, cardamom and sweet rush in carefully defined proportions.
12. A veal and game pie.
13. An Oriental slipper. Cf. for the whole of this passage TH. GAU-



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TIER, *D'après une momie du Musée des Studi [des Etudes] d'alors* at Naples (now the National Museum).

14. ATHENÆUS, called the Greek Varro, *Deipnosophistæ*.
15. According to HERODOTUS, a linen garment worn by Egyptian women.
16. APPIAN, *The Civil Wars*.

## II

1. G. FERRERO, *The Greatness and Decline of Rome*. The Seres were a people of India, who dwelt beyond the Ganges, and were almost fabulous among the ancients, who knew nothing of them but their name.
2. FERRERO, *op. cit.*; BARBAGALLO, *La Relazioni politiche di Roma, con Egitto*.
3. Πολλοὺς τῶν πρώτων, ἅτε οἱ ἀχφομευω (DION 41, 5).
4. APPIAN.
5. DELAYEN, *op. cit.*, p. 132.
6. CICERO.
7. Cf. BOUCHÉ-LECLERCQ, *op. cit.*
8. Cf. PLUTARCH, *Life of Antony*.
9. The other pearl, which was preserved from this act of folly, was taken to Rome after Cleopatra's death and cut in half to make two pendants for the Venus of the Pantheon.
10. Cf. PLUTARCH.
11. The following act in the same fashion: the female scorpion, the golden carabus, the grasshopper and the cricket. (Cf. FABRE, *Mœurs des Insectes*.)
12. APPIAN.
13. SUETONIUS; SENECA; DION.
14. Cf. DELAYEN, *op. cit.*, p. 248.
15. FLORUS, *Epitome Gestis Romanorum*.
16. Some declare that Fulvia had joined Antony at Athens and that she died at Sicyon while on the way back to Italy. In the works of the ancient historians all these events are sufficiently vague and uncertain.

## III

1. Octavius was four years old when he lost his father (SUETONIUS, *Augustus* VII and VIII). As for Atia, she took as her second husband Lucius Marcus Philippus, an orator and a politician of great wealth, who had passed through the civil wars by discreetly remaining neutral.
2. On the subject of the two Octavias the greatest confusion exists. PLUTARCH declares that they were the children of the first wife of Antonius. WEIGERT and MOLL maintain that the Octavia who married first Claudius Marcellus, in 706, then Antony, was the elder of the two sisters. SUETONIUS, DRUMANN and FERRERO say, on the contrary, that she was the younger. An inscription dis-

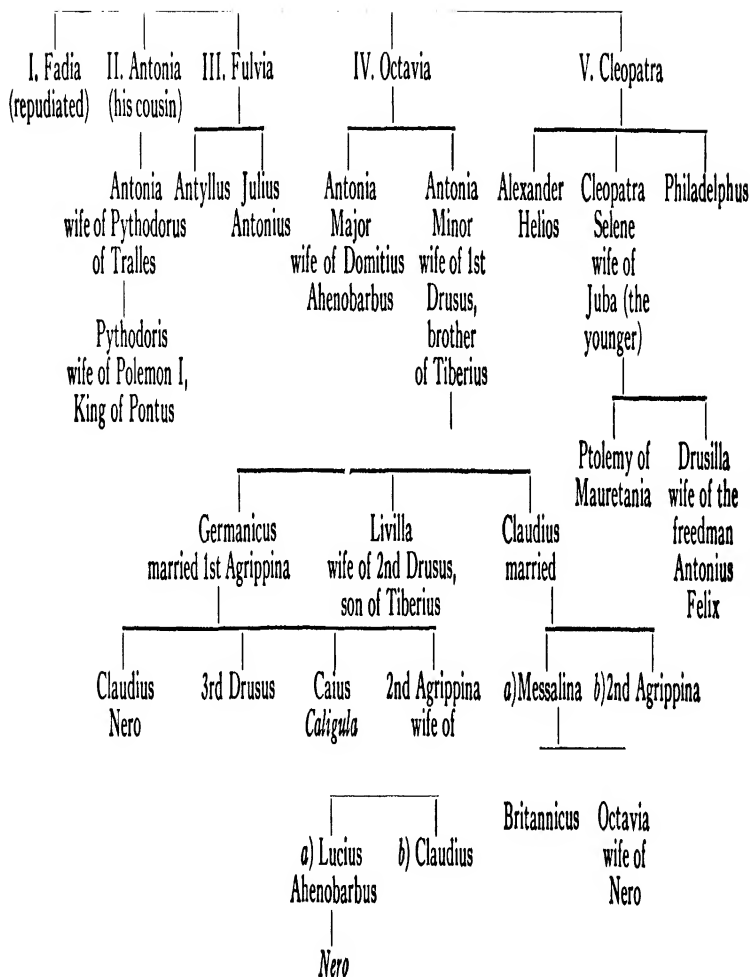
## NOTES

covered at Pergamum in 1880-1881 partly substantiates the latter contention.

3. DELAYEN, *op. cit.*, p. 248.
4. Consequently, grandfather and grandmother of Octavius and Octavia.
5. \$400. Augustus was later to adopt the young Marcellus, to give him in marriage his daughter Julia and to designate him as his successor to the Empire; but Marcellus died at the age of eighteen.
6. CICERO, *de Fin.*, v. 2, and *cf.* DELAYEN, *op. cit.*, p. 50 *et seq.*

NOTE 7

ANTONY  
(5 marriages)



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## NOTES

### 7. (Continued).

By a former marriage Octavia had a daughter, who married Agrippa, then Julius Antonius, younger son of Antony and Fulvia; another daughter, and Marcellus. Antonia Major—called also Agrippina by Plutarch—was to marry Domitius Ahenobarbus. Antonia Minor, as celebrated for her virtue as for her beauty, married Drusus, elder son of the first marriage of Livia Drusilla and Claudius Tiberius Nero, and brother of Tiberius. Antonia Minor died in 38 A. D., poisoned, it is believed, by her grandson Caligula. As for Cleopatra, she had already given birth to Cæsarion by Cæsar. According to PLUTARCH, Agrippina, the wife of Lucius Ahenobarbus, was the daughter of Caligula and Cesonia. Nero would therefore appear to be one degree removed. That genealogy is not accepted.

Of Antony's second marriage with Antonia, his cousin, was born an Antonia who was more than ten years older than the other Antonias he had with Octavia. That Antonia married Pythodorus of Tralles. Antony seems never to have given much attention to that first daughter. Antonia's daughter Pythodoris, endowed with all the gifts of nature, became the wife of Polemon I, King of Pontus, and after his death ruled the country with much ability. (Cf. DELAYEN, *Octave-Auguste*, genealogical table in Chap. III.)

### 8. DION; PLUTARCH.

## IV

1. JOSEPHUS.
2. *Ibid.*
3. MONTAIGNE.
4. EBERS PAPYRUS.
5. *Ibid.*
6. *Ibid.* And yet the system of the circulation of the blood was to remain unknown till 1519 and the work of William Harvey.
7. VITRUVIUS declares that it was invented by Clesibius, a celebrated musician, who lived in Egypt about 124 B. C.
8. GUIART, *La Médecine au temps des Pharaons*.
9. MASPÉRO, *Histoire*.
10. Cf. DELAYEN, *Cicero*, p. 232.
11. The surgeons were used especially for circumcision, an operation scarcely ever performed in Egypt before the age of twelve, and for castration, to which were subjected not only the guardians of harems but also, as a punishment, those convicted of rape. As the operation was often very painful, a local anaesthetic was used in the circumcision of the rich. This was produced by Memphian powder—nothing more than Cairo marble—which, when mixed with vinegar, gave off nascent carbonic acid.
12. HERODOTUS; DIODORUS.
13. Other maladies, however, were not wanting—diseases of the abdomen and bladder, intestinal worms, varicose veins, ulcerated legs

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and the "mortal malady divine," epilepsy (Maspéro). There was still another: thanks to an English scholar, who discovered a method of pricking mummies so as to revive the tissues enough to make it possible to search for diseases, a fair number of cases of syphilitic lesions have been found in Thebes. There were also many cases of Pott's disease, tumors, typhoid fever, itch, etc.—and for those maladies what remedies were employed! For eye trouble the remedy was a fumigation of incense and fresh oil, and rubbing the eyes with bee eaters' feet, followed by the consumption of the raw liver of an ass. To cure a chill it was considered enough to pound, mix and cook incense and hartshorn, diluted with beer. And yet, as at the present day, the sick person had complete confidence in the remedies prescribed.

14. There were harps with as many as 21 strings (RACINET).
15. The Sakkara pyramid, with its shelved sides of baked brick bathed in the sunlight, is even more unsightly. It is true that it is much older, having been constructed by Zozer, the founder of the IIIrd Dynasty.
16. There were also, after the Pyramids, the following cities: Aphroditopolis, the city of Hathor, the Egyptian Venus, worshipped in the form of a white cow; Beni Hassan, with its crypts cut in the rock, adorned with very curious and precious paintings, for they date from the XIIth Dynasty, about 2500 or 3000 B. C.; Anteopolis, where Horus, the hawk-headed god, was worshipped, etc.
17. *Iliad*, IX, 361-364.
18. "Manifestation of ostentatious luxury, delirious exaltation of Pharaonic vanity, masterpiece of decorative pomp" (CHEVRIER); "inordinate caprice constructed for glory" (HANOTAUX).
19. That of *Pudicitiae patriciae*, Patrician chastity.
20. *Omnia summopere hos vitæ postscenia celant*  
*Quos retinere volunt adstrictosque esse in amore.*
21. Aton kept in touch with the universe he had created by the Word, or *Logos*, mention of which we find again in the Gospel according to Saint John.

### V

1. DIODORUS.
2. Until the time of Augustus the Egyptian year apparently began at the end of August or beginning of September. It contained 12 months of 30 days, with the addition of 5 complementary days, called *epagomenæ*. The first month was called Thoth; the second, Paophi; the third, Athyr; the fourth, Choiakh; the fifth, Tybi; the sixth, Mechir; the seventh, Phamenoth; the eighth, Pharmuthi; the ninth, Pachon; the tenth, Payni; the eleventh, Epiphi, and the twelfth, Mésori. The Ptolemies had taken for their official god Serapis, who was none other than Apis, the sacred bull.

### VI

1. HERBERT SPENCER.

## NOTES

2. J.-P. GIDE.
3. CAGNAT, *Figures de Romaines au déclin de la République*.
4. ALFRED DE VIGNY.
5. MYRIAM HARRY, *La Vie amoureuse de Cléopâtre*.
6. PLUTARCH; DION.
7. That piece of jewelry figures in the paintings of the tomb of Houy, among the articles offered in tribute to Tutenkhamon.
8. HERODOTUS. That custom went down the ages, since it is found in practically the same form in the *Satyricon* of Petronius.
9. BOUCHÉ-LECLERCQ, *Histoire des Lagides*.
10. Herod had been placed, as successor to Antigonus, on the throne of Judea by Antony, to whom he was much attached. He was surnamed the Great, in spite of his cruelty. Acting on vague suspicions, he killed his wife, Mariamne, whom he loved, and the two sons she had borne him. According to the Bible, in the year of Christ's birth, he massacred all the male children of Galilee under the age of two. But this is not recorded by any historian, even Josephus.
11. JOSEPHUS.
12. JOSEPHUS; STRABO; FERRERO, *op. cit.* There were several cities in Asia Minor called Apamea: one in Phrygia, which Xenophon and his ten thousand passed after the retreat from Sardis; one in Syria, in the valley of the Orontes; one in Bithynia on the Propontis (Sea of Marmora), and another, the one in question, in Mesopotamia, opposite Zeugma.
13. FERRERO, *op. cit.*
14. The historian EUTROPIUS, in his *Breviarum Rerum Romanarum*, declares that Rome considered that union legitimate. This is not very likely, since Octavia was not yet repudiated, and it seems, on the contrary, that in the eyes of Rome it had not even the status of concubinage, according to Roman law.
15. RACINE, *Bérénice*, ii. 2.
16. JOSEPHUS.

## VII

1. DION; BOUCHÉ-LECLERCQ, *op. cit.*; FERRERO, *op. cit.*; and especially PLUTARCH, *Life of Antony*.
2. The Araxes rises in the Antitaurus, on the opposite side to the Euphrates, flowing eastward till it falls into the Hyrcanium (Caspian) Sea.
3. The Parthians gave up the eagles and standards taken from both Crassus and Antony only at a later date to Augustus (SUETONIUS, *Augustus* xxi).
4. In these days we are constantly surprised to remark the facility with which people in that age of severity would weep, which they did much more frequently than is the custom now. Cf. DELAYEN, *Cicero*, p. 295, n. 71.
5. FLORUS, *Epitome Gestis Romanorum*.
6. Year of Rome 303.

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7. ROMAIN ROLLAND, Preface to *Souvenirs d'une Revolutionnaire*, by Irma Kachowskaja.
8. Letter from Napoleon to Josephine.

### VIII

1. PLUTARCH, *Life of Antony*.
2. Cf. FERRERO, *op. cit.*
3. Cf. PLUTARCH, *Life of Antony*.
4. Her descendants were not mindful of her excellent qualities: if her daughter, the virtuous Antonia Minor, her grandson Germanicus and her great-granddaughter, the gentle Octavia, showed themselves worthy of her, her grandson, the emperor Claudius, her great-grandchildren, Caligula and Agrippina, and her great-great-grandson, Nero, were deplorable personables (cf. *supra*, p. 225).
5. SUIDAS.
6. GARDTHAUSEN.
7. Cf., FERRERO, *op. cit.*
8. Cf., on the subject of the site of the Gymnasium, BOTTI, *Plan de la ville d'Alexandrie sous les Ptolémées*.
9. Cf., RACINET, *Histoire du Costume*.
10. This is the version of DION CASSIUS, which differs from that of PLUTARCH, who seems to have made an error when he wrote that the title "King of Kings" was given to the two sons of Anthony and Cleopatra.
11. FERRERO, *op. cit.*
12. SUETONIUS, however, says (*Augustus* lxxi) that, having at first had a taste for young men, he developed a particular fondness for women still virgins, whom Livia sought everywhere for him.
13. SUETONIUS, *Augustus* lxix.

### IX

1. PLUTARCH is in error when he places their stay and the entertainments at Samos. Cf. FERRERO, *op. cit.*, Vol. IV.
2. Produced over a long period by the chin straps of the helmets on each side of the jaw. This was a sign of long service.
3. Cf. DÉSIÉ DE BERNATH, *op. cit.*
4. BOUCHÉ-LECLERCQ, *op. cit.*
5. DION.
6. TACITUS.

### X

1. DION; OROSIUS; PLUTARCH.
2. PLUTARCH, *Life of Antony*.
3. SENECA.
4. DION.

## NOTES

5. Cf. DELAYEN, *Octave-Auguste*, Part I, iii.
6. Octavius had a bronze statue erected in their honor on the spot where this meeting had taken place.
7. *Elle fuit, l'insensée, avec elle tout fuit;  
Et son indigne amant honteusement la suit.*  
(RACINE THE YOUNGER, *Poème de la Religion*)
8. DION.

## XI

1. PLUTARCH.
2. HANOTAUX, *Histoire de la France contemporaine*.
3. DELAYEN, *op. cit.*, II, iv; SÜETONIUS, *Augustus* xxv.
4. Phrase used by Polynices in the *Phœnissæ* of EURIPIDES.
5. PLUTARCH; DION.
6. DION; OROSIUS; PLUTARCH.
7. JOSEPHUS.
8. DION. As for Arabia, the vast peninsula of southwestern Asia, inhabited by independent tribes, it was never conquered by either the Greeks, Alexander, the Egyptians or the Romans. With its two cities, Medina and Mecca—the Mesca of the Bible—Arabia down to the time of Islam played no rôle in the history of the world; it was only the trade route to India.
9. DION.
10. DION; PLUTARCH.
11. PLUTARCH. Octavius was born in 691 (63 B. C.), the year of Cicero's consulship. SÜETONIUS (*Augustus* lxxix) declares that he was nevertheless "endowed with remarkable beauty." (Cf. DELAYEN, *Octave-Auguste*, I. iii.)
12. JOSEPHUS.
13. PLUTARCH.
14. FERRERO, *op. cit.*
15. PLUTARCH.
16. DION.
17. The copper *outnou* weighed about 90 grams (MASPÉRO).
18. GONZAGUE TRUC.
19. DION.
20. SÜETONIUS, *Augustus* xviii.
21. MONTAIGNE.
22. The youngest, Julius, was treated with mercy. He subsequently married Marcella, daughter of Octavia and her first husband Marcellus; but later on, having conspired against Augustus, then emperor, he took his own life.
23. He soon entertained the idea of marrying the little Cleopatra Selene with the son of Juba, ex-King of Mauretania, "the most polished and accomplished of all princes," as Plutarch says. This prince, at any rate, preferred the study to the battlefield. After the death of Cleopatra Selene, who had jealously revered her ancestors, and who was interred in the tomb known as the "Tomb of the Christian," in Algeria, he married Glaphyra. A marble bust which, according to M. GSELL (*Cherchel-Tipasa*, p. 16) represents him, was found a



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score of years ago at Cherchel and is in the Louvre. As to the tomb of Cleopatra Selene, the name "Tomb of the Christian" is the more unexpected in as much as Cleopatra Selene died three or four years before the birth of Christ. M. CAGNAT (*Les Romains et la conquête de l'Afrique du Nord*) declares that Juba II was buried in it. Of her marriage with Juba she had had two children: Ptolemy of Mauretania, whom the emperor Caligula, his cousin, allowed to die of hunger in his palace, and Drusilla, married by the emperor Claudius to a freedman of Antonia Minor's, Antonius Felix. That was the last of the Lagidæ-Ptolemies.

24. DION CASSIUS.
25. Her bruises in the breast had set up an inflammation and formed a sore (BOUCHÉ-LECLERCQ).
26. FLORUS.
27. PLUTARCH says that she lay upon a couch, in a wretched and neglected condition. It is to be regretted that the account of Olympus has not come down to us to confirm one or other of these two ancient historians.
28. HORACE, *Odes* I, 37.
29. VICTOR DURUY, *Histoire des Romains*.
30. Cf. the whole of this scene in DION CASSIUS li, 12 and 13.
31. Cf. DELAYEN, *Octave-Auguste*, Part I, chap. iii.
32. SUETONIUS, *Augustus* lxxxiv.
33. Cf. FERRERO, *op. cit.*
34. She has also been credited with Delliis and King Herod as lovers; but it is possible, says ZOGHEB, that her enemies, especially the minister Pothinus, sought to injure her. In any case, there is some doubt as far as Herod is concerned, for JOSEPHUS declares that "in spite of all Cleopatra's efforts to make Herod fall in love with her when she was traveling through Judea, he did not respond to her advances." She was, it is true, in an advanced state of pregnancy.
35. BOUCHÉ-LECLERCQ thinks that this more likely took place in September.
36. *Tractare serpentes ut atrum  
Corpore combiberet venenum.* (Book I, Ode xxxvii)
37. *Brachia spectavi sacris admorsa colubris  
Et trahere occultum membre saporis iter.*  
(Book III, Eleg. xi)
38. PLINY THE ELDER even claims that their odor would put snakes to sleep, "at least, so they declare," he adds with a scepticism not customary with him. These Egyptian *Psylli* were celebrated among the ancients, and formed among themselves a sort of mysterious association. The *Psylli* are still to be found in Egypt, and they still enjoy the reputation of being able to cure snake bites. Similarly, the Abyssinian soldiers gave off such an offensive odor, an Arabian poet declares, that in battle they kept their adversaries at a distance.
39. *Sævis Liburnis scilicet invidens  
Privata deduci superbo  
Non humilis mulier triumpho.*

## NOTES

40. Cf. the death of Augustus in DELAYEN, *Octave-Auguste*, Part II, Chap. x.
41. According to ZOGHEB and DR. SCHLIEMANN, Cleopatra apparently was not buried in her tomb, which was unfinished, but in the Soma, the tomb of the Ptolemies. SÜETONIUS, it is true, says that Octavius accorded to Cleopatra and Antony the honor of a common grave and completed the construction of the tomb which they had begun.
42. BAUDELAIRE, *Femmes damnées*; cf. *Baudelaire*, by E. Sellière.

## XII

1. The brain was withdrawn by way of the nostrils, and the intestines through an incision in the side.
2. A sacred papyrus pictures the judgment scene before the tribunal of Osiris in striking fashion. From left to right are seen the goddess Isis; then the *ba* in one of the pans of the balance; Anubis, with his pointed muzzle; the feather of Truth in the other pan of the balance; Thoth Ibis with his rose-colored beak; Amaït, with the body of a crocodile and the head of a hippopotamus; and finally Osiris upon his throne, with the *ka* of the accused beside him. The background of the papyrus is covered with hieroglyphics.
3. In the last centuries of Egyptian civilization certain sacred books contained a list of offenses reduced to seven mortal sins: wrongdoing, violence, covetousness, theft, anger, impiety and lewdness (J. DE HORRACK, *Le Livre des Respirations*).



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